THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

February, 1801.

MEMOIRS OF

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THIS truly original poet, and amiable man, was born at Berkhamstead, Herts, in the year 1722, in the third descent from Lord Chancellor Cowper: his father was at that time the incumbent of the living of Berkhamstead. Very early in life was Mr. Cowper bereft of an affectionate and intelligent parent, whose loss he seems to have felt severely, and whom he has lamented in strains of the most endearing sensibility.

My Mother!---when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wert thou conscious of the tears I shed?
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By disappointment every day beguil'd;
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus, many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd, at last, submission to my lot;
But, tho' I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod the nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt;
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,....
That once we call'd the past'ral-house our own.

At the period when youth is usually discharged from the tenderness of domestic tuition, Cowper, also, was sent to Westminster School; but, as it was soon discovered that the disposition of the poet shrunk with timidity from the turbulency of public seminaries, he went not from Westminster to College. Still, however, as his connexions were highly valuable, and such as must necessarily conduct him to the paths of emolument and honour, he was prevailed upon to enter himself at the Temple, preparatory to an acceptance of the lucrative office of Clerk of the House of Lords, which had long been held in reversion for Mr. Cowper.

It is not probable that his natural reluctance to engage in the conduct of a public situation would ever have been effectually overcome; but to his constitutional melancholy was, at length, added the acuteness of religious convictions. All the entreaties of friends were now vain; and, to avoid the importunity of solicitation, such was the extreme force of his aversion for what is called business, that he was nearly on the point of rushing from the concerns of this world into the confines of an eternal state!——In this disposition he received a visit from a relation, the celebrated Mr. Madan, who endeavoured to compose his mind on the subject of religion. His purposes of retirement being no longer resisted, in the society of Dr. Cotton he was happily restored

restored to that tranquility of which he had been so miserably deprived.

Mr. Cowper, shortly after, retired to Huntingdon, where he became intimate with Mr. Unwin, to whom he has addressed a beautiful Ode. On the death of Mr. Unwin, the poet removed, with the widow of his deceased friend, to Olney: here he formed the connexion with Mr. Newton, which seems to have been productive of mutual advantage and affection. When that minister published his volume of "Olney Hymns," it was enriched with many valuable pieces from the pen of Cowper, which are distinguished by the initial C.: and when, in 1787, the first volume of "Cowper's Poems" appeared, it was prefixed by an advertisement from Mr. Newton, commemorative of the extraordinary attachment which subsisted between himself and Mr. Cowper, and descriptive of the temper and sentiments of the poet.*

Sheltered, as it were, from the inclemencies of life, enjoying that repose which alone he had desired, and comforted as to his apprehensions of the Divine law and will, Mr. Cowper appears to have experienced a season of comparative felicity. Alas! it was but a suspension of affliction! ——The mind that had delighted and instructed others, was again enveloped in darkness; the heart that never ceased to beat with love to man, and piety towards God, was again tortured with the most fearful solicitude and

* Mr. Cowper himself shall speak of the light in which he certainly viewed the friendship of Mr. Newton:....

.....I withdrew,
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers: in his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
The Task, Book 3.

woe!---As, however, the days of his affliction were drawing to a close, he experienced the dawn of that eternal peace on which he was about to enter. During the last year or two of his life, his health and mind were somewhat restored, till, towards the close of 1799, he was seized by a rapid deline: it now became evident that he was not long for this state. Convinced of this important fact, his young friend and relative, the Reverend John Johnson, constantly attended him, endeavouring to calm his feelings, and dissipate his doubts. On the morning of the 25th of April, 1800, he relapsed into a state of apparent insensibility, his eyes remaining half open: having continued in this way nearly twelve hours,---his respiration regular, though feeble, and his countenance and animal frame perfectly serene,---he then expired, without heaving his breath. ——Mr. Cowper died at East Dereham, in Norfolk.

The Poems of Cowper have been so long in the possession of the public, and by them so justly and universally esteemed, that the utility of criticism seems in a great degree superseded. He is strictly an original writer; whether we consider the construction of his verse, his turn of thinking, or the plan and conduct of his poem. If, indeed, it were necessary to characterize his rhyme, perhaps it might be said, that he has much of the nerve and flow of Dryden, with some of the random carelessness of Churchill. His own description of the eccentric Churchill may be as fitly applied to himself:——

> He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
> And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
> The laurel seem'd to wait on his command;
> He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand.
>
> TABLE TALK.

But "The Task" is Cowper's great work; it is in this Poem "his favourite topics are most insisted on;" and here he appears to the greatest advantage. Upon a light foundation he has erected a noble pyramid, a monument which will

will last as long as real genius shall be esteemed, virtue loved, and piety revered. He did not forget that his subject was gay, and the occasion elegant; he has, therefore, enlivened it with the unaffected sallies of a sportive, but chaste, imagination, and with striking and obvious descriptions: yet, anxious at the same time to promote morality, goodness, and piety, he has made both wit and invention conducive to the interests of social and mental happiness. His satire delights, but never offends; his morality is always acceptable; his religion always cheerful and inviting.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXII.

The Morning Ramble of

FASHION AND SOBER *concluded.*

"AFTER a period of dreadful suspense, on the fourth morning, my dear father entered my apartment with a countenance expressive of sorrow and concern. He seized my hand, however, with the utmost tenderness, and, by the softness of his manner, convinced me that he was not come, as I suspected, to upbraid. He gently intimated that he had a deep affliction to prepare me for, and endeavoured to fortify my mind with every argument of religion and submission before he revealed it. In this dreadful suspense I uttered not a word; my mind was wretched with horrid expectation!

"At length the millstone crushed me. He informed me, that, three days before, my husband had joined the rebel army; that an engagement had taken place, and that he was among the first victims of the battle.——The effect this intelligence had on me was scarcely short of madness. I did not weep, but I grew furious; I called myself my

husband's murderer, demanded justice on myself, and talked of circumstances which, though true, passed on those about me as the effect of sudden frenzy. Those violent perturbations ended in a fever, from which it was my punishment to recover. With shame I acknowledge, that, as my health returned, my passion revived: I now considered myself at liberty, and had no doubt but my tender, passionate lover, panted for the hour in which he could throw himself at my feet, and recompence all my sufferings by uniting himself to me for ever. The days and weeks wore on, and he appeared not: at first, I considered him as sacrificing to decorum; but at the end of two months I could no longer resist enquiring of a lady, who visited in my chamber, when she had seen the object of all my thoughts. She answered, with great unconcern, that he had hardly been seen at all for the last month; for that he was so devoted to Mrs. Iliff, whose husband was in England, that he never spent an hour out of her house; that he boasted every where of his passion, and of his happiness; and had told his friends, that he doted on her to such distraction, that, for her sake, he had half resolved to give up his country and his profession, and become an American planter.

"How long my friend might have continued in this interesting detail, I know not, had not my suddenly falling senseless at her feet shocked her into silence. She had discernment, and, perhaps, guessed, in some measure, the cause of so strong an emotion. Urged, therefore, either by her prudence or her curiosity, she called no assistance, but endeavoured to recal me to the recollection of my miseries by the common methods. On awakening from the fainting, I found my head reposed on her bosom, and her tears bedewing my face. This tenderness unlocked my whole soul; my woes were too poignant to admit of concealment, and they were all poured out before her.

"My failing spirits," said the sad narrator, "will not permit me to continue in a thread. I must pass over many events to tell you that this friend prevailed on me to accompany

company her to England. Her husband was a loyalist; mine had been so, and the rebels made this a pretext to rob me of all my possessions——too light a punishment for crimes so deep! I left America without daring to mention such a design to my father: I could not bear to stab him with the intelligence, and I could bear still less to remain on a spot where every object kept my dishonour and wretchedness alive: yet I wrote to him from the first port, and confessed all my criminality, with a view to make his mind yield to the propriety of my absence, and to lessen his regrets for the loss of a child whom he could no longer think worthy of his love.

"On our arrival in England my friends carried me to a northern county, where I resided with them almost two years in tolerable tranquility. My tears were frequently poured before the Almighty for my past offences; but they were tears which always left me more peaceful and serene. This quiet state was at length interrupted by the passion of the man in whose protection I lived. My friend had unwisely informed her husband of my former guilt, and he received the intelligence with malicious pleasure: he considered, now, that I had *no right* to defend myself from his addresses on principles of honour, having once outraged them; and had the cruelty to inform me so. On my expressing horror at such a declaration, he had the brutality to add, that my affected niceness was an ill return to his benevolence in having so long supported me; and that, if I chose to cherish such ungrateful sentiments, it must be under some other roof.

"*His* roof I instantly quitted, though a stranger in the kingdom, and known to no human being in it out of the little village in which we resided: but to remain there would have been as though I did not wish to fly from the enemy who pursued me; and I surely owed it to his wife, to leave a situation in which I was every hour exposed to the danger of his visits.

"A stage,

"A stage, which passed at the instant of these cogitations, offered me relief: it was in winter, and there was not a creature in it, which gloomy circumstance was to me a desirable one; for it gave me the leisure of two hundred miles to ponder over my sorrows, and to consider of my future fate. The bitterness of these reflections so overpowered me, that, when the coach arrived in London, I was so ill as to seem to the people of the inn in a dying state. I bless Heaven that they were right!—The coachman recommended me to this house, kept by his relation, as he informed me. I delivered my purse to the mistress of it, who for a fortnight gave me some attendance; but since that period she has kindly left me a prey to my disorder, which will presently ——————."

"D——d unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed Fashion, who had till now seemed attentive only to what passed in the street; though the restlessness of his motions, and, now and then, a heavy sigh, gave his friend room to suspect him of more tenderness and compassion than was thought to belong to his character. The sudden force of this execration had a visible effect on the dying lady; but neither she, nor the gentleman who had been listening to her melancholy tale, had time to notice it; for the door instantaneously opened, and divulged the venerable patient whom they had first visited. The nurse tottered beneath his weight, whilst with ghastful eyes he surveyed the lovely creature, already on the threshold of death. He stretched his arms towards her, uttered a deep cry, and, falling on the bed, expired!

"My father!—my father!" exclaimed the lady, clasping her hands with a wild air, and bending over the corpse; "but I shall join thee.——My woes are not an end!"

"Yes; *thy* woes are over," said Fashion, who now turned from the window;—"thy woes are over!——But, oh! Caroline, where will end the anguish which now seizes my soul!——Behold the author of all thy afflictions—thy husband's

husband's murderer---thy murderer---and the murderer of thy father!"

The lady started from her father's corpse; she fixed her eyes on him for a moment with the most dreadful expression, and essayed to speak. But Death had already rendered rigid the organs of speech; his chill hand was on her heart:——she struggled a moment, and then, without having uttered a sound, sunk dead on her pillow!

Such was the issue of the Morning Ramble of Fashion and Sober. We leave our Readers to draw their own conclusions from the review of two such opposite characters. It is not difficult to determine which they will love.

C.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THE Letter which accompanies this is one out of a number which are at present in my possession; and, as they may afford subject for reflection and amusement to your Readers, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of placing them in your respectable Magazine. How I became possessed of these Papers is of little consequence; the circumstance was interesting to *me*, but can be no further so to others than as it fully ascertains their authenticity.

The Writer has evidently been an admirer, and, so far, an imitator, of Goethe; but the resemblance goes no further than to feelings and expressions: his *principles* appear unsullied, and, as such, are divested of that dangerous tendency which the otherwise inimitable epistles of Werter unhappily contain.

Should the enclosed afford you any pleasure in the perusal, I shall be happy to furnish you with the remainder.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged Reader,

M.

LETTER

LETTER I.

YOU were right, Alonzo——I am in love with Switzerland: the beauty, nay, even the very horror, of its landscapes, are congenial with the mind of your brother. My abode, at present, is a little cottage, inhabited by a worthy couple, poor, honest, and industrious. Their hut is placed upon a verdant shelf of one of the highest mountains; it is shadowed by larch-trees, and over huge masses of rock, and fallen pines, hurries a very noble torrent. The surrounding country is in the same style of rude grandeur, and presents to the philosophic mind and feeling heart perpetual subjects for right contemplation.

Sometimes I will lean for hours upon the wood-work of my narrow casement, watching the effect of the rising or setting sun upon the deep vallies and lofty mountains that enclose me; and frequently have I lingered there, unconscious of the falling dews, to mark the last purple gleam fade from the highest points of the ice-rocks which terminate the prospect. My heart is sometimes raised to rapture, and sometimes melted down to the softest melancholy. Often I have remained at my window gazing on the still, sublime landscape, till my tears, falling on the clusters of grapes that darkened the room, have recalled me to myself; I then shut my casement with sighs, and sunk into profound thought.

Wherefore, Alonzo, do I feel such sensations as these, while admiring the beautiful variety of the great Creator's works? Of what stuff is the heart of man formed, that, even in his moments of most exalted gratification, he should weep, and feel depressed? Why does my heart sink as I see the weary sun set in the midst of the rich colouring of an evening sky? Is it because the short existence of man presses upon my soul?——Surely not; for *he* will rise renewed like that glorious orb for a brighter course. Is it ——— But, why ask, when I *feel* the impossibility of an answer!

I am

I am writing to you in a little flower garden, which this good couple have given up totally to their guest. Every body is in bed---every thing is still: I see nothing but the woods above the precipices, which lie at my feet buried in deep gloom, and the clear serene of the Heavens. All the energies of my soul are awake: I am lost in wonder at the sublimity of *that* Being who has created the sublime objects surrounding me; my ardent mind ranges from thought to thought---enquiry leads to enquiry:---I am perplexed---I am agitated!——But what have I to do with wild investigation? The book of God, the whole volume of creation, speaks a powerful language; it convinces me that there is but *one* God----one God, whom I adore and love!

You ask me, if I have made any acquaintance?——What a question! Had *that* been my object, could I not have done it much better in Andalusia? I require no acquaintance: every thing is new to me---every thing is beautiful. I ask for no other amusement than that of reclining in a cavity of the rock, buried among the wild flowers which grow here in such abundance, and watching the labours of old Louis, my host, in his narrow vineyard; or else, in a moonlight night, following the windings of these woody ascents, till, bewildered in some untrodden sequestered spot, I throw myself on the grass, to listen to the simple bells of an English church down in the valley.

Remember me to your wife; she is too good to be forgotten, and shares with you the heart of FELIX.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,
Ah! vices gilded by the rich and gay. ARTHUR CONY.

SIR,

I AM young, and acknowledged pretty, but have the misfortune to be born out of a *fashionable* circle, though, I assure you, my family is very good. I say misfortune, because this circumstance has caused me more than once

to

to become an object of ridicule to several fashionable persons. If I meet with ladies of *ton*, I have to undergo all the artillery of their contempt---the curved lip, the elevated nose, and the significant sneer: then, on the other hand, the unmeaning stare of the gentlemen; their forced horse laughs, and studied rudenesses, again perplex me. I have heard my grandmother say, that three squires died for love of her; and that, when she walked in the Park, every body that passed stopped to admire her. Then my old aunt has shown me letters from her lovers, setting forth, how a gentleman "would hang himself on a green willow with the very pair of glove-tops he had once amorously stolen from her, if she would thus *frown* on him." To salute the icy top of her taper finger was, at all events, his *last* request; and he would then take care that his ghost should not haunt her.

Dear Sir, these anecdotes have so unprepared me for polite life, that I am quite astonished to see gentlemen, who, you know, ought not to mind cold, fence the fire round with their backs, and even walk together in such rows, that I have nearly been thrown into the kennel. Then to hand you to a coach, or reach you a chair, is quite ungenteel; so that all attention is out of the question, and makes me think that human nature is sick of love, and every soft passion. Yet could I submit to put up with the conduct of the men; but the ladies shock me still more; instead of uniting against them, like the Amazons of old, which I have read of, they behave ten times worse, and treat me as a troop of kites might a dove.——Pray, Sir, what is my fault?---tell me. Shall I be loud, coarse, and rouge deep, to be like them, and so repel force by force; or go into gay company, only to be sneered at by both sexes for being delicate in my dress, and modest in my manners? Your's, respectfully,

DECORA.

☞ We can only tell Decora, that the conduct of one sex influences that of the other; and while some women are coquets, some men will be fools.

CASTLE

CASTLE WAISTENFORTH:

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE.

[Continued from page 23.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A dungeon in the Castle. The Baron *seated at a table, with books, lamp, and an hour-glass.*

Baron. THESE are comforts Hubert has provided me hitherto; they have afforded me solace and amusement; for I had ceased to hope, and long exclusion from all social intercourse had cramped my mental faculties. But, now, the sickening pangs of expectation rack my soul; each tardy minute seems an hour--for Julia is coming!——Hark!---'tis her step! Ethereal music could not sound more sweet to me!——Julia!---my faithful, tender wife!

(The gate is unlocked. Hubert *leads the* Baroness, *who faints in the arms of her husband.)*

Baron. Ah! sorrow has wasted all her bloom!---'tis but the shadow of my beauteous wife!——Julia! my love, look up!---Our time is short. Life will afford too few such hours as this!

Hubert. Your conference must last but just ten minutes. [*The* Baroness *revives.*] I will retire, and watch without the gate. Should any alarm be spread, I will give you timely notice. [*Retires.*]

Baron. Oh, Julia!---lose thee again!——It must not be. Years of imprisonment have left me little wish for life, unless enjoyed with thee.——Canst thou still think me faithless? Our deadly foe, I learn, still lords it in this Castle: his power is absolute. But here, again, I call on Heaven to witness, I never sought, in thought or deed, to wrong the Count.——How came the Countess in your chamber?

Julia. I know not. When you departed, the Marquis grew importunate. No longer awed by fear, he dared to utter wishes, which I blush to name. I knew my brother's weak infatuation, and penned a parting line to you with notice of my danger. The illness that ensued, as sudden as severe, could not be natural. A strange sensation, such as I never felt before, came over me at table. They laid me on the couch, from which I was but roused to such a scene of horror as makes my soul turn sick! Had but the Countess lived, you might have proved your innocence; but now, alas!———

Baron. Despair is all! Your letter reached me at the port from which I was to sail. Joyed that, at length, you yielded to my wishes, I hastened back, to press you to my doating heart.——'Twas all a base delusion! We have but one way left to set all right. [*Wildly.*]

Julia. Ah!——What!

Baron. To die together! [*Draws a dagger from beneath his robe.*]——I saved this weapon for the purpose, determining, should I hold you once more in these arms, to lose you but with life!——One last embrace!——Now, Julia, follow my example! [*Raises the dagger to stab himself.*]

Julia (shrieking). Oh, stay!——Our child!!

Baron (starting back). Have we one living?

Julia. We have. One who will soon obtain redress for all its father's wrongs.

Enter Hubert.

Hubert. This moment, separate; day breaks through the grated windows, and may betray us. Perhaps you soon may meet again. No matter.——Oblige me now.

Baron. You are our dearest friend!---To you I give up more than life. Yet do not tempt me longer with the blessing.——Go!---go!

Julia. Farewell! Perhaps we soon may meet again. Let that rejoice you.——Embrace!

[*She follows* Hubert *out.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Orlando, Ellinor, Lisette, and Osric. *The door of a cottage. A rustic wedding.*

(Lisette *presents* Louisa *a wreath of flowers, with which she entwines the young couple. The villagers dance and sing.)*

ORLANDO.

Happy ever be the youth,
Who, by love and honour bound,
At the altar plights his truth;
Ever there may bliss be found!

LISETTE, *and Chorus.*

Let the sprightly tabour sound,
Mirth and glee be our's;
While we trip the mazy round,
Heedless pass the hours!

ELLINOR.

See the modest, blushing fair,
Child of Innocence and Truth;
Still may she be Virtue's care,
And honor'd age crown happy youth!

OSRIC, *and Chorus.*

Let the sprightly, &c.

Enter Hubert *at the back of the scene.*

Hubert. Sweet innocents!---their guileless hearts know no evil. How soon I shall spoil their sport! I wish any other ill-looking dog had been the messenger. [*Approaches.*]——Good morrow, friends! The day begins merrily with you!

Osric. Ay, my lad! We have deserved no sorrow.

Hubert. True, father; but evil spirits, sometimes, work mischief, and prove the test of Virtue.

Orlando. You seem to augur evil: perhaps you slept unsoundly last night. Good Hubert! your dreams have made you hippish.

Hubert. My waking dreams have not been pleasant.

Lisette. What might they be?

Hubert. Such as you will not like, my pert one. A truce with raillery: I dreamed that this happy group were separated! [*Wiping his eyes with unfeigned sorrow.*]

All. How!---how!

Hubert. Concealment, now, will work no good.——You, Ellinor, are daughter to the lovely Baroness, who now can proudly claim you.

Ellinor. Astonishment!——Ah! this is but a jest of your's, to try me, Hubert.

Orlando. No, no; I see it by his eyes; and I must lose you!

Ellinor. Why so, Orlando? Am I not still the same; nay,---better, richer, and fitter for your love?

Orlando. Simple child of Nature!---your heart deceives you;——but I must lose you!

Ellinor. Ah! you are much mistaken; but, no matter. Have your own wayward will, and——break my heart!

Hubert. See!---the Baroness approaches. She comes to take you with her to the Castle.

Enter Julia. Ellinor *runs towards her in tears.*

Ellinor. Are you, in truth, my mother?

Julia. Would you I were *not?*

Ellinor. No!---for most fondly do I love you!——But, poor Orlando!

Julia. What!---is he jealous of my love?

Hubert. No;---but he fears you'll frown on his.

Julia. Dismiss this subject till another time. You, Ellinor, must win the favour of the Count, my brother; and all may then be well. Till then————*I am your mother!* [*Embraces* Ellinor.]

Orlando

Orlando (sullenly). And that implies, you claim *obedience!*

Julia. The implication is but just, and *necessary.* And are not you my son——both, both, the children of my *heart!*——What are all other ties?

Orlando (running into her extended arms). I am assured! How could I doubt your tenderness and care?—— I will rejoice in Ellen's exaltation!

Julia. Come, then, my love; and, if you please, Lisette shall go with us. Osric, I think, will spare her.

Osric. Ay---ay---take all! Now, I may lay me down, and die!

Ellinor. Then, farewell, dear Orlando! And you, dear Osric! still let me call you father. Expect me soon again.——Farewell!

Osric. May Heaven bless thee, child! [*Enters the cottage.*]

Julia. Orlando, conduct us to the carriage. Nay, tremble not: our welfare is but part of thine; thy woe a heavy grief to us! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

An apartment in the Castle.

Enter Count Walstenforth, *followed by* Fredrique.

Fredrique. And you promise, my Lord, that Ellinor shall be mine?

Count. As far as mortal man dare vouch for, I do; and, for the Baroness, I know well how to bribe her.

Fred. But, ah! my Lord, you have not yet beheld the object of my choice. Should you disapprove her!

Count. Nature, for once, speaks to my heart. The daughter of my Julia can never be unlovely; besides, Fredrique, your happiness must be my constant care. ——But, hush!---my sister comes.

Enter Julia, *leading* Ellinor, *who, tremblingly, approaches the* Count, *as he extends his hand to welcome her.* Fredrique *retires to the back scene, and surveys the group attentively.*

Count. To what may I attribute this timidity?----aversion, fear, or joy?

Ellinor. Indeed, my Lord, the simple words I know would ill express my gratitude for all this goodness. These clothes, though fine, please but the eye awhile; an humble roof, perhaps, might suit me better. But, can my heart know aught but love and reverence, when I reflect that you gave to me a mother? [*Falls on the neck of* Julia.]

Count (affected). This foolish child will give us all the vapours.——Julia, attend me to my study, while Fredrique conducts his pretty cousin through the magnificent apartments of the Castle. [*Exeunt.*

Fred. (approaching Ellinor). This is a welcome office! May I hope the pleasure will be mutual?

Ellinor. This is a gay illusion to my eyes! So many years to live obscure, and now to dwell midst scenes of affluence and splendor, seems magic to my mind.

Fred. What would you say, were I to tell you, that, in me, you find the sage magician?

Ellinor. This the enchanted Castle! You, of course, the rightful heir!

Fred. And you the destined mistress! Jest often treads upon the heels of Truth.——Speak, Ellinor! Wish you this fiction to be realized?

Ellinor. Indeed, I do not understand you.

Fred. Has not the Baroness told you the reason of your being so suddenly acknowledged?

Ellinor (hesitating). No.——Can you tell me?

Fred. I could; but fear!

Ellinor. Nay, speak! Pray, tell me!

Fred. Your want of penetration chains my tongue: were you but conscious of your power, my task would be less

less difficult.——Look on me, Ellinor!---Think what I would say!

Ellinor. Let go my hand!——Fredrique, your words, your looks, distress me! Was it for this they brought me to the Castle?

Fred. It was! Yet, do not hate me for the deed!

Ellinor. How little can I love you! You knew the situation of my heart; nor could I have expected this from you.

Fred. Yet, hear me but a moment:---your's was an infantile attachment; you are of noble birth; and might I not expect ambition might have stronger power than love?

Ellinor. You knew me little, when you thought so; but, even so, could you accept my hand on terms like those?

Fred. You probe me to the soul!——No, Ellinor!---your heart is chiefly what I covet; nor need you fear compulsion on my part. Cheer up your drooping spirits, and believe me all you wish---your friend---your brother!

Ellinor. Pray, leave me! Your words have raised strange doubts within my mind: another time I'll view the chambers. Pray, leave me now!

Fred. Think favourably of me, and I'll die to serve you! [*Exit.*

Ellinor. Orlando was a prophet——pray, Heaven, he prove a false one! He shall not long have cause to doubt my constancy. [*Enter* Baroness, *with a thoughtful air.*] Did you, too, mother, sport with my feelings, and bring me here to try my truth?

Julia. Fredrique has been abrupt in his disclosure; but, since he has begun, I must unwillingly proceed.—— You must resign Orlando!

Ellinor. Never!!

Baroness (aside). Noble, faithful girl! why is this task imposed on me?——Stay, Ellinor!---make no rash determination. Obscurity, indigence, perpetual estrangement from

from the splendor to which you were born, must be the consequence of your refusing Fredrique!

Ellinor. Then, let me go! Grandeur cannot allure me from my truth.——My vows are registered in Heaven!

Baroness. 'Tis well. Vows are sacred things; but there are duties which may justify the breach of them.

Ellinor. In my situation, I know of none.

Baroness. Much as it hurts me, Ellinor, to counteract sentiments so virtuous, painful circumstances render it a necessity. I am not just now at liberty to relate to you the complicated sufferings which I have endured; suffice it, you have a father!——he lives within these walls. Do you not tremble, Ellinor? The life of the Baron De Steinhault is in your hands. Your marriage with your cousin will, in one moment, release him from a fifteen years' imprisonment.

Ellinor (falling on her knees). Inspire me, Heavens, with fortitude to bear this stroke of horror!——Orlando, where are you---dear Orlando! Oh! why will not insensibility release me from this heart-rending conflict!

Baroness. Dear child! I know the conflict of thy soul. Forgive me, Ellinor!————A dear husband's life!——Oh! pity, and forgive me! [*Kneels.*]

Ellinor (in distraction). A parent at my feet!——Oh, Heaven! this is too much! [*Faints.*]

Baroness. Sure, this is Nature's hardest conflict; and I, wretch as I am, must urge her on!——Yet, Hubert is my friend; but for his assurances, worlds would not bribe me to this cruelty. No, dearest Steinhault! death with thee would be far better than an act of such injustice!——Dear, suffering girl! how can I mitigate your anguish?

Ellinor. Reason can scarcely hold her seat. Was it a dream; or am I such a wretched, perjured being?——No---no! Who talks of perjury? Orlando will be faithful; and so will Ellinor! [*Starting at the sight of* Julia.]——Ah! I remember————Horrible!------My father's life————

Julia.

Julia. Is in your power. This paper is the contract of his release, if you consent to what I mentioned.——See the Count's signature.

Ellinor. Let me collect my scattered senses. I will be all you wish---my father's life!——Oh! if my blood could purchase it, 'twould be less dearly bought!

Julia. Ellinor, spare me these reproaches! [*Hiding her face.*]

Ellinor. Give me a little time.——Hush!---hush!---we are observed.——This way, dear Madam! Let me support you; my heart seems strengthened by my laudable endeavours.

(*As they go out, the* Baroness *drops the paper in putting it up.*)

Enter Marquis.

Marquis. So, the wheel of fortune turns again! This minion holds the sway in every heart, and Julia triumphs as I sink. Less anxious for my friendly presence, Walstenforth holds familiar conversation with his sister; and every sneering vassal taunts me to my face. Let them beware:---love may with patient tameness creep and fawn; but hate is quick and deadly in its work. [*Perceiving the paper.*]——A love scroll, too! Letters are precious things, and give assistance to ingenious heads: I found them so. [*Reads.*]——Ha! the Count give Steinhault life and liberty, without my acquiescence!——No!---that will never do. His hag-rid conscience kicks and starts, perhaps. I will find means to quiet it. Ah! he comes. [*Enter* Count.)——Why so gloomy, FRIEND?

Count. Mean you to taunt me, Marquis?

Marquis. A treacherous mind might seek concealment: I scorn such artifice.——See, here; all friendship cancelled. [*Shews the paper.*] You would betray me!

Count (confused.) Believe it not——an artifice merely to work my purpose! This cottage girl, full of romantic notions, scorns my son, who loves her as his life. I know her

her milky nature, and have little doubt, by stratagem, to gain our end.---You must assist us.

Marquis (dissembling). Oh, charming!---you learned your skill in management from me. I am quite reconciled. [*Extending his hand.*]

Count. You see your error. This once effected, Julia shall prove my gratitude and friendship for the Marquis. [*Aside.*] I fear his power, and thus must silence him.

Marquis. We'll talk that over in the garden.——Come, Count---my friend, indeed! [*Aside.*] I'll take good care you shall not play me false! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forest.

Enter Orlando.

Orlando. I think I heard the voice of Hubert.——Three tedious nights have passed, since I beheld my Ellinor. My harassed spirits seek for rest in vain: a secret fear of danger haunts my soul, and superstition seems to enervate my faculties.

Enter Hubert.

Hubert. Well, my young Knight!——still vigilant and watchful.

Orlando. Say, my good fellow!---how fare our friends within the Castle?

Hubert. Badly enough! This is a crisis of some moment. Patience and resolution are all the weapons you, as yet, have need for. Be ever ready at my call, and you shall find me faithful to your interest: be fortified against contingencies, and trust your fate to me. My time is precious.——Fare you well!

Orlando. Hubert is still mysterious; his very looks are fraught with meaning; yet, my senses are too dull to guess their import: some important duty only thus could chain his

his tongue. In such eternal silence he still exhorts me to be watchful! What if he means me mischief?——Orlando never was a coward: this sword will do me right.——— Hist!---Sure, I heard a gentle step! Some aërial figure glides between the trees.——Should it be Ellinor!——— It is!---it is!

Enter Ellinor: *he rushes to meet her.*

Ellinor. What!---can you hold me to your heart——a faithless wretch like me!

Orlando. What means my Ellinor?

Ellinor. Do not look so fondly on me---I am not worthy of your love!——Oh! I can tell you such a tale!

Orlando. Your senses wander, love.

Ellinor. Alas! that would be happiness to what I feel. But, come this way; your eyes would vainly seek to read the meaning of a heart, which throbs with anguish, love, and virtue. Let us retire among the trees. I fear we are observed. [*They retire.*]

Enter Fredrique.

Fred. Forgive me, Honour, if this once I disobey thy mandate: I think this heart of mine beats with a nobler sentiment than mere self-love. Ellinor shall never be compelled to yield her hand against her inclination; but, if this sylvan youth should seek his own aggrandizement in her debasement, it is but fit that I should guard her from the wily snare.——They come: this tree assists my purpose. [*Retires behind a tree.*]

Enter Orlando *supporting* Ellinor, *who reclines on his shoulder.*

Orlando. Bear up, my love---my virtuous Ellinor!——This is a noble effort! Thine upright conscience will applaud thee, and be sweeter than all my praises.

Ellinor. I know not which is sweetest; yet, think not I shall long survive this hated marriage! Fredrique is worthy of a better bride; he made a foolish choice in chusing me. I cannot but esteem him, although he proves my ruin: I shall not be his trouble long, Orlando.——

Will

Will you strew my grave with flowers, and moisten the hard earth with tears of love?

Orlando. Each look, each accent, bribes me to dishonour. Oh! leave me, Ellinor, while I am worthy of thee!——Can I behold thy tenderness, and bear to lose thee?

Fred. Nor need you, honest youth!---Believe me, from this day, your sworn friend. Forgive me, if, mistrustful of your worth, I listened to your conversation, and heard sentiments which at once confirms your hopes, and seals my doom to fixed despair! Appearances must be preserved as yet: meanwhile, accept my hand, and with it take my faith, never to do you wrong.——Can you believe me?

Orlando. How could we doubt it, generous friend!

Ellinor (kissing his hand). Thou dearest---best of men!

Fred. Your gratitude moves me to womanish weakness. Reserve your thanks till I have proved my truth.——Ellinor, your absence will be marked: trust yourself with me to the Castle.

Orlando. Not with a brother would I sooner trust her. ——Adieu, my love!---despair is changed to joy. Oh! I will glad the aged Osric with this news!

Fred. Farewell!---you soon shall hear from me again. ——Come, dearest Ellinor! [*Exeunt.*

(Orlando *retires through the trees, but returns hastily, upon hearing the report of pistols.)*

Orlando. The voice of distress!——That way the sound!———Oh! Heaven, preserve my Ellinor! [*Exit.*

Re-enters, bearing the Count, *wounded, in his arms.*

Count. Thanks, brave deliverer!---I fear your succour came too late!——But, has the wretch escaped?

Orlando. He has; but not unhurt. This weapon pierced him, and he fled, howling with rage and vengeance!

Count. My sense of your kind assistance shall not be spent in words.

Enter

Enter Hubert.

Hubert. My master safe!---and you, Orlando!——What does this mean?

Orlando (astonished). Is this the Count?

Count. Hubert, some base assassins sought my life: this gallant youth most bravely interposed, and conquered!——I feel very faint! Assist me to the Castle. [*They bear him out.*]

End of Act II.

THE AFRICAN: A SKETCH.

SAMBO was the chief of a tribe of Africans; he was manly and vigorous as the lion that ranges sole master of the forests. Beloved by the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, on whom he doated to enthusiasm, he was as happy as man could be. His Orra was lovely, virtuous, and mild; and they were soon to have been united by the closest ties.

As Sambo was one evening returning from his beloved Orra, after having fixed the day that was to celebrate their marriage, often turning to catch another glimpse of the hut that contained her, a party of Europeans rushed from a thicket, and, alike inexorable to his persuasions, struggles, or remonstrances, bore him away to a ship that was at anchor near, and confined him a slave!

When Orra was informed of the dreadful circumstance by some natives who had witnessed it, but who, from the superior numbers of the Europeans, dared not (fearful for their own safety) attempt to rescue him, the shock was too violent for her tender nature; it proved instantly fatal:---she fainted, dropped, and rose no more!

In the mean time, the ship in which Sambo was confined set sail; and thus, bereaved of every hope of returning to his friends and country, he was driven to distraction!——

At the still hour of midnight, when nought was heard but the moaning of his wretched companions, some of whom had buried the poignancy of their grief in a temporary oblivion, he burst his chains, and rushed on deck to contemplate with freedom his wretched fate.

"I have," said he, "every thing to fear, and nothing to hope. Shall I, who was born to rule in mine own country, suffer myself to be a slave in another? Torn from all I hold dear on earth, shall I eat the bread and wear the bonds of servitude?——No!---honour, love, and pride, forbid it!"

Wrought by his grief into a perfect frenzy, he saw, or believed he saw, the phantom of his beloved Orra skim over the surface of the salt waves, and gently chide him for so long neglecting to follow her to the mansions of peace, where no tyrant can reign. Sambo, half determined before, now resolved on his fate:——

"Yes, my Orra, I am fully persuaded, that, though we are cruelly parted in this life, our union will be permanent in the next!——

"The white man in vain shall account me his slave:
"My Orra, I come!"---and he plung'd in the wave!

Ye harmless natives of Africa, what have ye done to be thus torn from the bosoms of your families?——If education, as we are taught to believe, tends to the promotion of benevolence, and all the finer feelings of the soul, why do the more enlightened parts of the creation stain their characters by such ignoble deeds?

JULIA.

Oxford, Jan. 1801.

THE

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. VII.

To the PRESIDENT *of the Inspection Society, Stockton upon Tees.*

..... Caret mortis formidine irâ?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnus lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?

HORACE.

SIR,

AS none can behold the reigning passions of the present day with greater contempt than myself, I have the vanity to imagine that you will accept a public attempt at doing a service to mankind, in developing the theory of modern witchcraft, and laying open a few of those follies which your institution purposes to correct.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

SAM. SENSIBLE.

IN all ages, from the earliest dawn of literature and historical intelligence, the practice of enchantment and witchcraft have been punished with very rigorous measures, and the great lawgivers of our own nation, when investigating the nature and magnitude of crimes, did not scruple to enact, that enchantment and witchcraft should be in future deemed "Felony, without benefit of clergy;" so zealous were they to support, with becoming dignity, the character of the English nation, liberal in the reward of virtue, and terrific in the punishment of vice: but whether from any defect in the law itself, or whether, after a few centuries are elapsed, words and facts change their meaning and nature, I will not determine. Yet, such is the unprecedented good fortune of Modern Ladies, and such their estimation with senators of the present day, that our

legislators have very sagely determined——" Though, at a remote period, the existence of witchcraft cannot be denied, yet we cannot give credit to any modern instance of it."---May we not, then, enquire, if it ever existed, when did it cease to be?——Our historians are silent, and only tell us, it once existed, but is now no more. But, Mr. Touchy, you will agree with me, that the system founded on the abolition of witchcraft is too preposterous to be credited by any one in possession of his eyes and ears, for it certainly, at present, exists in its *ne plus ultra:* this, I think, will be too obvious to doubt, when we contrast its former extent with its present state of perfection. Heretofore it was practised only by "*ancient females,*"---persons whom we would charitably imagine were only anxious to retaliate on their enemies for the many unreturned and unprovoked insults which they had met with in early life. ——" Blest age!---but, ah! how different from our own!" ----They have now taught their daughters, girls of nineteen, the secret of enchantment, witchcraft, and provoking unlawful love. 'Tis true, they wear not the gloomy appearance of a witch on a broomstick, nor an enchantress on a streaked car, as formerly; they shine the brightest gems in the Opera, Theatres, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; they do not, as heretofore, exert their influence in drying up a cow's milk, nor making their neighbour's cattle run wild.——No!---The grand object of their fascination is *only* man, and to him alone their spells are confined!—— Of course it follows, *à fortiori,* that their crimes are of so much greater magnitude as man is superior to the brute creation; yet it seems that the learned and ingenious Mr. Addison considered the penal laws on this head within the narrow confines of the statute; and, perhaps, imagined, that the punishments for supernatural agency extended no further than what the antient law had taken cognizance of: but, can we imagine that this great statesman had so far forgot himself, as not to know, that a supernatural agent can vary the form and manner of an action *sine limite?*——

No!---

No!---the charge would be too palpable to support. The philosophy of his day dictated that witches and sorcerers were then no more; and, rather than act repugnant to the principles of the learned (who, when the investigation of a cause exceeds their penetration, too often deny its existence), ventured to assert——"One cannot give credit to any particular modern instance of it."

No wonder, then, after the high authority of Mr. Addison, that modern witchcraft should take such hasty strides to perfection; for who should dare to molest them under the covert of Addison's wings?——But, surely, Mr. Touchy, a deviation only in the *manner* of committing an offence can never palliate the crime so far as to take it entirely away; its merits must remain the same, notwithstanding the corroboration of Mr. Addison's remarks by our great legislator Judge Blackstone. But, as I deviate so highly from those giants of literature, for the safety of my own honour, I must produce modern instances of witchcraft (how unpleasant soever the task) to validate my assertion, that witchcraft has continued from the earliest ages to the present, or, at least, that it is again revived with accumulated vigour. Let me, then, Mr. Touchy, ask you, if the British Belles do not possess the charm of beauty, of loveliness, to excess?——Grant me this as a postulatum, and I enquire, whether any thing is more enchanting than beauty; and who is there that has been under the influence of its charm, who has not been bewitched by it?——It provokes unlawful love (which, formerly, was a branch from the stem of witchcraft, and punished accordingly), alienates the affections from a parent, and affixes them on a stranger; often the author of suicide; and, repeatedly, justice has decreed it right to take away the life of the miserable object of enchantment as a pest to society; and all for this irresistible charm, this agency supernatural of female witchcraft!——The number who die annually by it in London are to be found in the Bills of Mortality,---from fifteen to forty-five! Delia's glance bids numbers fall; her dimpled cheek hath sacrificed its

thousands:---and Stella's blush can count its myriads slain!——But I will do them justice; some they only wound to languish out a life in misery. Fevers, flatulencies, palpitations of the heart, consumptions, vertigos, lunary madness, &c. &c., owe their origin to bewitching beauty; and many of Tyburn's bravest sons owe the celebrity of their exit to its irresistible charm. Indeed, it would not excite my resentment so much, but they select only for their victims the glory of Hebe, and the loveliest in her train; these alone they doom to sacrifice. The theatre and the ball afford them the amplest opportunity for the communication of their charm, and I would that the consecrated roof, at least, might be proof against them; but, alas! how weak is devotion, compared to the spell of beauty!——We are every where in danger, and, to say truth, Mr. Touchy, having escaped with a slight heart-ach, I have secluded myself from society; and I take care never to be seen by any female, except my own servant, who, previous to entering my service, was crowned with the wrinkles of fifty.

> And thus, secure from party rage,
> I leave the world, and all its joys;
> Nor wish again a war to wage,
> Nor league with Beauty and her toys!

And now, Mr. Touchy, I hope you are satisfied that witchcraft is not nominal, but real; and that you will enact such laws as may be deemed requisite for its expulsion. If you would have my opinion, I propose that it be enacted, that, after a young lady shall have bewitched one youth, she shall for ever afterwards wear a veil, on pain of ————.

I have only to add, that, should you refuse my request, I intend applying to Parliament in the next session for redress.

York, Jan. 1801.

DEFENCE

DEFENCE OF THE FEMALE CLAIM TO MENTAL EQUALITY.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

SHOULD these hasty thoughts meet your approbation, by inserting them in your instructive and entertaining Miscellany, you will confer a favour on one, who possesses greater respect for the Fair Sex than ability to defend them from unjust imputations.

T. SELRAMC.

READING, some time back, in a work (Lavater on Physiognomy) from which I occasionally derive amusement, both from the variety of speculations it contains and causes, I was astonished at a sentence which one of the pages exhibited, that was to this effect:——"That woman knows not how to *think*; they perceive, can associate ideas, but can go no further."

That Lavater, the religious and philosophic Lavater, should have entertained an opinion so derogatory to the sex, himself, and the Deity, and have reduced them so nearly to a level with the "beasts that perish," threw me into a series of thought on the genius of woman. Woman is a thinking, accountable being, like ourselves. Searching the Scriptures, from the New to the Old Testament, we must be convinced of the truth of this assertion; and we shall there find, that woman was given as a blessing to man, to share his reason, and mitigate his toil. Superior delicacy of organization rendered her incapable of undergoing severe corporeal fatigue, which, indeed, the duties of her station did not require. Dependent on man, on account of her fineness of form, the least he could do would be to protect and support her against outward violence and danger.

Lavater

Lavater might have learned diffidence in hazarding an assertion from the well-known anecdote of Socrates and Zopyrus, by means of which we may clearly see that intellectual capacity is not so strongly marked upon the countenance as vicious inclinations: hence the reason why we are so much more deceived in our first judgments of the mind than the disposition, when that judgment is formed from visual observation. The operations of vice are violent and severe, leaving marks of desolation and furrows of anxiety in every countenance: reason, on the contrary, moves on silently and calm, giving tranquility within, serenity without; and this serenity may most frequently be mistaken for a mark of incapacity. I believe that I shall run no great hazard in asserting, that, in general, the imperfections of material conformation and crookedness of disposition, probably resulting therefrom, are more strongly depicted in our features, and are more perceptible to our organs, than the gradations, affections, and qualities of mind.

Lavater, perhaps, has not associated much with women in private society; he, probably, knows them only by sight, and formed opinions in his closet, drawn from observations made on them in public. The true character of no one person can be ascertained with certainty through the medium of such observations. When the determinations of the mind are biassed by custom; where sense is deemed madness, and study called folly; where folly is deified as virtue, and virtue ridiculed as ignorance, at a time when fashion makes its deepest impression upon our features, and our whole conduct is regulated by its tyrannic influence, are we to sit for our pictures?——if so, how unreal a likeness will be produced, and how ridiculous an appearance would even the wisest of us exhibit!——But rather let woman be shown to us as she appears fulfilling the circle of domestic occupation; 'tis there she shines conspicuously bright, 'tis there her real character appears 'tis there her virtues are unfolded, and all her attainments blossom

blossom with vigour, and bear fruit in abundance and perfection. She fills with propriety the relative duties of her station——what more can vaunting man do? Conscious of their dependence, see them exerting all their faculties to please us; mild, meek, submissive without servility, and humble without meanness, see them submitting to our direction, not trusting to their own powers. How ungrateful a return we make them: we impose on their humility, we are the source from whence spring all their errors and mischances; and shame is, or ought to be, the portion of our ingratitude!

That woman can think, and deeply, too, we can readily believe, when, in running over the instructive pages of history, we are informed, that a learned and polite nation, a people fond of abstract disquisitions and metaphysical researches, had left the schools of far-famed philosophers to seek for better tuition under the auspices of an Aspasia; captivated and listening with rapture to the brilliancy of her elocution, and the depth of her philosophy. When we see the half-deserted philosophers themselves proud to be numbered in the list of her followers, an eloquent Pericles struck with wonder at her powers, and the penetrating genius of a Socrates bending before her for tuition, we are *forced* to believe that woman can *think*. The remains of the inimitable Sappho, the reports of the powers of the sublime Corinna, who vied with, and even received the prize of conquest from the Theban Pindar by her verse, confirm us in our opinion; and in reading the erudite Dacier, and the abstruse Wolstonecraft, we are convinced of the truth of it. From all evidence we are forced to acknowledge, that the contempt for the sex's capacity, expressed by many authors, proceeds either from envy or inattention, for it has not its foundation in truth. I should like to know why the moderns have, in this instance, deviated so widely from the way marked out for them by their tutors, the antients, in their writings. We observe that truth, justice, wisdom, religion, and every attribute

that

that can dignify humanity, are depicted by female forms; but how does it happen that geniusses otherwise so happy in their allusions should fail in this instance? They seldom made use of weak instruments to work strong purposes; and yet, if women did not really possess the capacity to produce these attributes, they (the antients) must be accused of folly, in making use of improper symbols to express their notions.

Let us examine the weaknesses and failings of women, we shall find that ignorance is the source of them; an ignorance not proceeding from want of capacity or penetration, but from want of culture and direction; as a machine of great mechanic force in the hands of a person ignorant of the secret springs which give it motion and effect, is the intellect of woman without proper education. Every man's experience will inform him, that women of cultivated understanding entertain as ready an apprehension of the truth, and as nice a discrimination of the difference of things, as any man of equal education and similar pursuits. Let us ask any man of knowledge and taste, whether he is obliged to descend to folly, and what kind of pleasure he feels in conversing with a well-educated woman. I think he would answer, that all the faculties of his mind are in action, and that the pleasure he feels is such as can be conceived only; for language wants words to express the kind and extent of it.

There is something so lively, so delicate, and so refined, in their manners and expressions, as, without experience, our gross conceptions can give us no idea of. Superior delicacy of organization has given them keener susceptibility of apprehension: all agree, that women possess more ready discernment than men; yet men dive deeper into the recesses of knowledge. The fire exists, the capacity remains, and only wants collision to bring it into action:—'tis a right education which must do it, 'tis from that only that we can draw any advantage to ourselves from their powers. If the flint and steel had never come into contact, the fire which

which they respectively contained would never have appeared, and, if improperly applied, would have been worse than useless. If it was necessary that woman should be learned, in order to fill the circle marked out for her by Providence, she most certainly has the ability to become so; but I wish not to insinuate that knowledge is essential to her, or that she possesses in general that power of exertion that men have; all I wished to establish was, a conviction that woman is a rational companion, fit for the most intelligent being that the Deity has placed in this world; capable of thinking and judging for herself; not a mere machine, though dependent; but a free agent like ourselves, and equally the candidate for Heaven and Eternity!

Chatham, Jan. 1801.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I AM an elderly gentleman, who, retired (generally speaking) from the metropolis, yet sometimes visit it, to revive old impressions, and enjoy the novelties which Taste and Beauty are so zealous to create. I make the tour of town amusements, and participate the enjoyments of the youthful and the gay.

In the country I had been amused with the relation,---- that the Grecian taste had been restored in London----that the zone of the lovely sex was after the fashion of Paphos, and the *coiffure* of our belles was carefully copied from the bust of the Medicean Venus. A propensity so classical delighted my fancy. I prepared for my journey by a course of polite reading, and hastened to realize the delightful visions of my boyish days.

But, oh,----the tardiness of age!----the fickleness of fashion!----the versatility of beauty! I found myself cheated

ed of my pleasure. Grace had vanished at the command of Novelty, and Elegance had become a Gipsy in the struggle to make her *fortune.* I started with astonishment as I gazed after the Ladies; for I could perceive no distinction between the Chloe and the Tabitha.

Let the sex desist from a sameness which defies the distinction of age and formation: let the *young* affect the light and easy simplicity of the Grecian dress——it adds to the charms of a figure airy and unencumbered; but let her, whom age or corpulency has loaded with weight, disclaim the habit of the goddess, whose eternal youth she can have no prospect of ever enjoying.

* * * * * * * *

A warm contest has lately taken place in Paris between several physicians, upon Female Dress. Some are for the modern mode of light and thin clothing; others are decidedly against it. The following are two letters upon the subject. The first is from Doctor Poulin, who is an advocate for the *Costume Grec.*

"Dr. Angrand acknowledges, that an ague is but rarely mortal; but he insists, that fatal disorders are occasioned by a dress which he hopes to see speedily reformed. Fortunately for the taste of the age, this reform is not likely to take place so soon. For more than three thousand years the women have worn their clothes *à la Grecque.* I have seen them in universal use in the stern climate of England; and our masters, who have said every thing that is to be said good, both in physic and morals, so far from saying any thing against this superb dress, have attributed to the strong constitutions of the women of Sparta, who were loosely dressed, and who were accustomed to dance almost naked with young warriors, the privilege of bringing into the world a race of heroes. But Dr. Angrand did not know this when he said——'that, assuredly, when the delicate body of a woman is almost always

ways in immediate contact with the atmosphere, it is most exposed to the fatal impressions from the sudden variations of the temperature.' What pitiful reasoning! In vain does he endeavour to seek for the germs of cutaneous disorders in the light dress of a pretty woman; germs which, I assert, are to be found in the heavy dresses, and not in the light and loose drapery of the dress *à la Grecque*."

To the above letter the following reply was returned by Dr. Angrand, the enemy to the *Costume Grec*:

"THE immortal Sydenham, in speaking of disorders which kill more than war, pestilence, and famine together, says——' that one of their evident causes is, the throwing off our winter clothes too soon.' What would he have thought, if the women of his time had been as thinly clad in Winter as in Summer? Dr. Mackenzie, in his learned Treatise upon the Preservation of Health, declares, that nothing can be more dangerous than, in the heat of Summer, to leave a warm room and go into the air without being properly clothed. Could he foresee that the Parisian Ladies, clad in a simple muslin, their arms and shoulders naked, would quit their houses or places of public amusement to go and sit till midnight under the trees of *Frascati*? Gorter says——that we ought to avoid, with the greatest care, exposing those parts of the body which are usually covered. I still hear the applause with which the Society of Physic manifested their assent to the principles of Desessarts when he declaimed against the Greek Costume. All these persons assert, that the dress ought to be changed according to the seasons and other circumstances. Is this pitiful reasoning? But Dr. Poulin wished to show a noble contempt for the rudiments of our art. A Greek, like him, has a right to attack opinions generally received. What signifies it to him, that the climate of Greece is so different to our's? Of what importance is it, that the French women, brought up so delicately, and

scarcely acquainted with the use of the needle, appear to common eyes little fit to imitate those viragos of Sparta, who, by a strong consitution, acquired gradually by a hard mode of living, and by exercises which would terrify our modern Hercules', braved with impunity the differences of the season. The proprietors of Tivoli, who are so ingenious in refining the pleasures of the capital, will not fail to avail themselves of your views, and announce a *Lacedamonian fête:* we shall there see our elegant women dance naked with young warriors, in order to people the Republic with heroes. Admiring, without doubt, so sublime an invention, the Government will be eager to place it in the rank of national institutions for the regeneration of France."

JOURNAL OF ELISABETH WOODVILLE,

Written by herself, previous to her Marriage with Edward IV.

Monday Morning. ROSE at four, to help Catherine milk the cows. At six o'clock, breakfasted. At seven o'clock, went down to the Court, with the Duchess, my mother, and gave food to twenty-eight poor men, and as many women; scolded Roger severely, for having discovered marks of discontent at our making him attend; and we let the dinner grow cold. At ten o'clock, dinner. John Gray, one who comes often to see us---a very good young man. But what is that to me? A good girl ought to give herself up entirely to the views and designs of her parents. John is but a little eater: he casts many an affectionate glance at me.

At three o'clock, the house of poor Robertson reduced to ashes by an accident. John Gray proposed to the company to make a subscription for this poor ruined farmer, and himself gave five pounds sterling towards this good design.——

sign.——*Memorandum.*—He never appeared to me so amiable as at this moment: his looks were never so affecting.

At four o'clock, prayers. At six, fed the poultry.

At seven, supper. It was owing to Robertson's mishap that we supped so late.

What astonishing difference there is between the character of the women of distinction of that age, and that of the modern *bon ton!*

ON WINTER BALLS.

[From the French "Conservateur de la Santé."]

NOTHING prepares the way for, or decides, a consumption more surely than the sudden transition from an atmosphere, hot and impregnated by the breath of four or five hundred people, to the respiration of a fresh and cold air. There is no doubt but that the pleasures of winter carry off a great number of fine women every year. This, however, is a risque which they are all resolved to encounter. What would become of them in great cities, if they did not kill themselves in detail?——They must die of *ennui.* If the air which they breathe at balls be unhealthy, that of the *spectacles* is much more so. The doctors need not tell them—they know it; but what is health in the balance, against the pleasure of seeing and being seen?

At a late grand review at Versailles, the cold was sharp and intense; the women were scarcely covered: it was painful to see their delicate arms all red and discoloured. A doctor who should advise them to put on their gloves, would have passed for a fool. They knew very well how much they suffered; and the best proof of this consciousness was, that, the moment night threw a veil over their charms, they wrapped themselves up in their cloaks and their carriages. Had the night been two hours slower in

its arrival, they would have braved the rigour of the weather two hours more.——We may boast of the courage of our warriors, but we know not the courage of our women. The men tremble for them, but they do not tremble for themselves. All this is in order, perfectly reasonable, and established by usage; but what shall we say for the new and unaccountable passion of mothers to sacrifice their infants? Formerly, the fêtes, the balls, the spectacles, were not encumbered with puppets; children, as soon as they are able to walk, now attend them. The consequence of this premature indulgence, this exposure to the night air and tainted vapours, is easily conceived——the constitution is debilitated before its pleasures have been enjoyed. Men become very rare, and mannikins very common.

THE BEAU's COMPLAINT.

[From a French Magazine.]

HOW often have I made an eulogy on my mistress's hat, a calembourg on her cap, a sonnet on her neck-handkerchief, an epigram on her train!——Ah! how well do I remember the day when first I beheld these dear, admired friends and companions! How anxiously have I counted the hours, the minutes, of their triumph and of their glory, until the Hohenlinden cestus eclipsed the Marengo shawl, the St. Julien the Cobentzel cloak, and the old gave place to the new set of favourites!—But where, said I, are the cashiered and the *killed off?* In what retreat do they lie concealed? In what field do they lie buried?——

——Alas! the solution of this mystery affords a new proof of the frailty and vanity of all earthly grandeur.

There is a description of women in Paris called *Marchandes à la Toilette*, who purchase, at a trifling price, those articles which lately cost so dear. When fashion is on the

the change, you may see them running to the anti-chambers of our *elegantes*, and asking the maids whether Madame wishes to disencumber herself of her wardrobe.—Thus the costume, so fresh, so fine, so handsome, which was but yesterday the ornament of *Frascati*, and the *Pavilion of Hanover*, will be to-morrow ignominiously hung up in the shop of a *Marchande à la Toilette*, and, in a few days, flaunted about through the dirt of the *Rue Maubuée* by some vulgar Cyprian.

Such is the fate reserved for the fugacious glory of female ornaments. How often has some first-rate Fashionable, eager to catch a second glance of a new hat, which she admired the night before in some brilliant circle, met it next day in the streets of Paris, on the head of an old woman, crying—"*Vieux habits, vieux chapeaux à vendre!*"—Thus a venal beauty dazzles for a moment the public eye; her name flies through the four corners of France; every stranger runs to see her, but, before he can arrive, her reign has passed away. In vain he seeks her in the hotels of the *Chaussée d'Antin*; in vain he seeks her at the *spectacles*; in vain he seeks her at the *Palais Egalité*; he despairs of finding her, when chance throws her in his way in the *Rue de la Huchette*.

The shop of a *Marchande à la Toilette* is to the various articles of female dress what the ocean is to the rivers. There lie confounded the superb *turban*, the modest *bonnet-rond*, the long-trained *robe*, the fringed *shawl*, the muslin *fichu*; there, in fine, lie buried all the frivolities of luxury and elegance!

CASH ACCOUNT of a PRETTY FRENCH WOMAN.

[From the same.]

Debts and Expenses. TO the baker I owe 60 francs. For a box at the Italian Theatre, paid 30 louis. To the butcher, for six months' meat,

owe 224 francs; given on account, 12 francs. For a hen turkey, with truffles, paid 2 louis. To the grocer, for sugar, coffee, wax, &c., owe 123 francs. To Berthelemot, for comfits, pastilles, &c., paid 7 louis. For water, I owe 36 francs. For *liqueurs*, paid 100 crowns. To the apothecary, for remedies in my last cold, I owe 107 francs. To the perfumer, for scents, rouge, and virgin milk, paid 10½ louis. To my cook, owe two years' wages. To my dancing-master, for three months' lessons, paid 9 louis. To my milliner, for gloves, laces, &c., I owe 400 francs. For three hats bought of Leroi, paid 12 louis. To my mantua-maker I owe, for five robes, 125 francs. To the jeweller, for my *solitaire*, paid 46 louis. To my upholsterer, for beds and other furniture, I owe 25 louis. To the music-seller, for a harp, paid 700 francs. To the painter, for my portrait, paid 6 louis. To my shoemaker I owe 200 francs. For refreshments and decorations at my last ball, paid 500 francs.

There are other articles in this account nearly similar to the foregoing; but this is sufficient to show what a pretty woman at Paris pays for, and what she does not.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A LADY AND A MAN MILLINER AT PARIS.

"CITIZEN, I am just come to town:—pray, have the goodness to inform me how I must appear, to be in the fashion."

"Madame, 'tis done in a moment; in two minutes I shall equip you in the first style.——Have the goodness to take off that bonnet."

"Well."

"Off that petticoat."

"There it is."

"Away with these pockets."

"There they go."

"Throw

"Throw off that handkerchief."

"'Tis done."

"Away with that corset and sleeves."

"Will that do?"

"Yes, Madame, you are now in the fashion. 'Tis an easy matter, you see.——To be *dressed* in the fashion, you have only to *undress*."

BEAUTY DESTROYED BY AFFECTATION.

The brightest forms thro' Affectation fade
To strange new things, which Nature never made:
Frown not, ye Fair, so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts which take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen,
What you, who labour at perfection, mean:
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease;——
Retain your Gentle Selves, and you must please.

YOUNG.

THE Graces, all three sisters, all extremely pretty ladies, and maids of honour to the Goddess Venus, the all-powerful Queen of Love, lived together, for a long time, in the strictest bonds of affection and friendship one towards another, which is somewhat extraordinary, indeed, as they were such near relations, such uncommon beauties, and such distinguished favourites at court.

In process of time, however, pride and ambition sowed the seeds of jealousy amongst them. Each began to plume herself on her own imaginary charms, and each insisted on her precedence, as having the most fire in her eyes, the most resistless arts of pleasing in conversation, and the surest and most enchanting ways of making captives of her beholders. The contest, in short, grew so warm, that they entertained thoughts of making their appeal to their mistress Venus on so important and critical an affair.

"For my part," said Miss Euphrosyne, with a smile of indifference and disdain, "I desire no better a judge, since no

no one will be more impartial; and we are all sensible that no one can possibly be better qualified to settle and adjust the merit and prize of beauty. Let us lay, I say, my dear sisters, all animosities aside, and at once, without more ado, agree to refer our cause to her decision. Let her declare which of us is in reality possessed of the most prevailing charms, the most resistless arts of pleasing; but, then, let us unanimously agree, likewise, to make no further appeals; let us acquiesce in, and subscribe to, her sentence, as final and conclusive."

"Subscribe to her yourself, if you please," replied Miss Thalia, not a little nettled, and visibly chagrined at her sister's seeming confidence in the merit of her cause.

"Without any further words or dissention between us," said Miss Aglaë, "I highly approve of the proposal. I don't care, sisters, for my part, how soon our petty controversy is drawn to a final conclusion."

This emulation of their's soon reached the ears of their mistress Venus, who summoned them all immediately to make their personal appearance in court; and accordingly assumed the bed of justice with such a grace, and such an air of complacency, as is beyond the power of words to express; reflecting, with a secret pleasure, how in time past, upon a dispute of the like nature, the golden apple was adjudged to herself by the shepherd Paris, in preference both to Juno and Minerva.

The court being set, and all the contending parties present, Venus directed each of them to exert her peculiar talents and secret arts of incantation, to which she laid a peculiar claim.

Each accordingly prepared to obey her orders: all of them, equally fired with a fond desire and restless hope of being pronounced the best qualified charmer, with equal pleasure and cheerfulness practised their studied arts and stratagems to please before her. But those restless hopes, those fond desires of approbation, with which they were all embarassed, perfectly baffled their ambitious views, and turned out to their equal disadvantage.

One

One screwed up her mouth in so prim a form, that she made the most frightful and disagreeable figure that could well be conceived; the second, through an inordinate ambition to show her fine row of teeth, distorted every feature of her face; and the last, proud of her black sparkling eyes, rolled them about to such a violent degree, that, in the eye of her female and impartial judge, she appeared perfectly to squint.

"Are these your arts?" said Venus. "Are these your studied charms?——Fie, ladies, fie!—I almost blush for you. How dare you put on such artful airs before me?——Get out of court: go home directly. Consult your respective mirrors with impartiality, and let me hear no more of your unnatural contentions. If you are desirous of resuming your former title, I mean that of the Graces, and my favourite attendants; if you are actually eager and fond of pleasing, never study any of those killing airs, I beseech you. As the least thought of that nature is too much, never think of your charms at all; for it is a maxim with me, that will admit of no exception,——that she who is solicitous of pleasing over much, inevitably gives disgust. In a word,

"Affectation is the bane of Beauty."

A VINDICATION OF THE DRESS AND FASHIONS OF THE LADIES.

Let Fashion reign, in modest limits bound,
Triumphant...captivating all around.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I AM one of those gallant young fellows who cannot but admire the pre-eminent display of female beauty in the present day, when accompanied with a decorous apparel; and

and I must beg leave to express myself perfectly satisfied with the prevailing mode in which the generality of our Fair Countrywomen attire themselves.

It has afforded me infinite entertainment to read the fastidious remarks of some of your correspondents, and admire their presuming to superintend and adjust the drapery of our ladies. I would not on any account that we should revert to the antient fustian days; only imagine yourself present at a ball, in those times, where the ladies were seen jerking about as if they were instigated merely by some mechanical power: but now, Sir, every step has expression, every motion animates and enlivens in the highest degree. Do but observe the contrast at the harpsichord or piano; every touch now seems to convey a sentiment, and fills the mind with ecstacy and delight, which formerly was incapable of any inspiration beyond the unmeaning noise produced by an automaton.

I must really beg, Mr. Editor, that you will not encourage any such correspondents; for, in my opinion, our Belles, except in some occasional instances, were never more becomingly, or with a greater regard to propriety, dressed than at present; and to think of introducing those hideous and exploded fashions, would be at once to deprive them of that ease and native elegance which is altogether so fascinating and irresistible.——Do, pray, publish my letter, that the gentle and amiable Readers of the Museum may be assured they will always find a firm advocate in,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JACK.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

THE article of the first necessity in a milliner's shop is the looking-glass; it is the first object which an *elegante* perceives on her entrance. Before she looks at the

the caps, she is sure to take a peep at those features which they are made to adorn, and this *coup d'œil* generally decides whether she will purchase or not. However becoming the cap or the hat may be, there are moments when she finds it the reverse. Whether from caprice, whim, or *ennui*, the very pattern which she admired yesterday shall appear to her *clumsy, frightful, horrible*, to-morrow: at such a moment, I would defy all the milliners in Europe to make a bonnet to please her——nothing will answer.—"The milliners have no taste!——Lud! this is detestable!"——In vain shall she try on every pattern in the place——she will buy nothing. But, on the other hand, if she be pleased with her pretty person, if her image in the glass smiles agreeably, looks killingly, sighs languishingly, appears divinely, the first hat that will cover her head will be charming, beautiful, delicious:——her choice is fixed; she buys instantly. It is, therefore, of the last importance to milliners to have a faithful glass, or, if possible, a flattering one.

Another article, no less essential, is a portable mirror, which, placed behind, may, with the assistance of her former, give the fair one a complete view of her entire person; for it is not sufficient to be handsome only on one side. No, no!—our Belles are not content, like our houses in Bond Street, to be finely tricked out, pointed, and embellished in front, but neglected in the rear. They must see that they are graceful, bewitching behind as well as before; nay, like Parthians, they are often more formidable when pursued, than in *rencontre*. Some how or other it appears, that there is scarcely a woman with an ugly face who does not contrive to give herself a fine person. We suppose that it is easier to plump the bosom than the cheek, to shape the back more effectually than the nose, to hide the wrinkles in one place more successfully than in the other. How seldom can we go into the street without seeing a Beau attracted by a Belle walking before him! He admires the beautiful ringlets falling on her

neck,

neck, the elegance of her shape, her graceful movement; he quickens his pace, he overtakes, he steals a side-long, passing glance: he darts forward like lightning. Conceive a comet advancing to the perihelion with accelerated velocity, and, the moment he has turned the sun's face, shooting away into the regions of infinite space, with the same swiftness that he approached his centre of attraction, and you may have some idea of such an evolution, and such a disappointment. It is to these demi-beauties that the portative glass is so great an object; it enables them to usurp half the empire of the real Venus.

HOW TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY.

THE SIXTH LETTER FROM AN OBSERVER.

To the Editor of the Lady's Museum.

SIR,

IT is the observation of one of the most sensible and amiable female characters* which adorn the present age,---" that, as there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to *grow old gracefully* ought to be considered as the most valuable art that can be attained."

To grow old *gracefully* in the opinion of the *world*, and to grow old *gracefully* in the acceptation which the *Author* has designed, would produce effects so diametrically opposite, that we can hardly believe the same term can be so differently applied.

To grow old at all, in this age of refinement, is an evil which the ladies seem scarcely able to endure; and, to counteract the ravages of time and decay, they are compelled

* Mrs. Hannah More.

pelled to apply to the subterfuges of art; and to grow old *gracefully*, in their opinion, is to imitate the trifling frivolity of youth.

That period of life which formerly was venerated is now deservedly treated with contempt; for, instead of age becoming the channel of instruction, it is the corrupted source of vitiated taste; and those thoughts which ought to be turned to an approaching eternity, are either engrossed by scandal, or centered in cards.

This alteration in the manners of individuals is productive of evils which humanity must deplore; for, when old age ceases to be honourable, can we expect to meet with respectability in youth?——Mr. Blair, in his judicious discourse addressed to those who are declining in the vale of life, tells them, that a material part of their duty consists in studying to be useful to the race who are likely to be left behind.---" Here," says that elegant author, " opens to the aged a most extensive field of action, in which they may so employ themselves as considerably to advance the interests of religion, and to promote the happiness of mankind. To them it belongs to impart to the young the fruit of their long experience, to instruct them in a proper mode of conduct, and to warn them of the various dangers of life; by wise counsel to temper their precipitate ardour, and, both by precept and example, to inspire them with a love of virtue."

If this excellent advice was even partially followed, how beneficial to society would be its effects, and how different would be the conduct of the young and inexperienced, guided by wisdom and taught by truth! But when those whose example should instruct, and whose experience ought to direct, engage with avidity in those pursuits which the vain or frivolous only can admire, how completely does it destroy both respect and veneration, and disgrace the close of an unprofitable life!

Is it not, Mr. Editor, shocking to behold those who are tottering on the very brink of the grave apparently insen-

sible of that approaching period which finally must terminate their earthly date, and eagerly pursuing those unsatisfactory pleasures that may ultimately destroy their happiness and peace?——How many hands, palsied by age, do we see trembling at the card-table every Sunday night, whilst the heart, which ought to glow with devotional adoration, throbs with hope and expectation on the fortune of a card!

What, Sir, is to be expected from the rising generation, when neither religion nor morality are presented to their sight, and when those who ought to conduct them in the path of rectitude wander widely out of the way?

In the present unfortunate system of education the duties of religion form a subordinate part; and instead of children being taught to venerate the Deity, they scarcely ever hear his name, unless prophanely called upon to prove some assertion, or impiously mentioned as an oath. ——I will no longer, Mr. Editor, make a digression from the subject which was the instigation of this address, but endeavour to persuade my young readers to adopt that mode of conduct which alone can be productive of a graceful old age.

Merely to expatiate upon the loveliness of virtue, is not to point out the path by which it is to be pursued; neither can a dissertation upon the follies and imperfections of age be of any advantage to the inexperience of youth. Instead of declaiming against vice and immorality, and consequentially adopting a dictatorial strain, I shall prefer leading the minds of the artless and unsuspicious to scenes calculated to afford more impressive instruction than either oratory or persuasion is able to produce; and, by intreating them to peruse the Chedder Institution,* prove the benefits which may be derived from the exertions of the female mind. Who, Mr. Editor, let me ask, could peruse that simple recital of these amiable womens' conduct,

* See Vol. V., p. 465.

without

without feeling his breast animated with the desire of imitating their virtues, and his heart glowing with sensations of delight?

In that interesting and unvarnished relation we behold the female character shining with that resplendent brightness, which by its natural sensibility it is peculiarly designed for; and how much more interesting does it appear, than when surrounded by those adventitious arts with which Fashion adorns her weak and frivolous votaries!

Amiable as is the practice of philanthropy and benevolence, there are other duties which we are called upon to fulfil; and foremost in the number stands devotion, which may be considered as the groundwork of virtue, the supporter of faith, and the instigator of those deeds which entitle us to immortality.---"When a devout man surveys this vast universe, where beauty and goodness every where abound, when he reflects on the numberless multitude of creatures who, in their different stations, enjoy the blessings of existence; and when, at the same time, he looks up to an Universal Father, who hath filled creation with happiness and life, his heart absolutely glows within him: he adores that disinterested goodness which prompted the Almighty to raise up so many orders of intelligent beings, not that he might receive, but that he might impart, happiness!"

Such enlarged views of our Almighty Protector are calculated to impress and improve the mind; for it is impossible frequently to reflect upon his greatness without finding it produce a beneficial effect. Though, in the general sphere of human actions, the different sexes have separate virtues assigned, yet religion makes no distinction, but claims the adoration of each heart. Though a man devoid of religious sentiments can never expect to be valued or esteemed, yet a female who is destitute of those propensities instantly becomes an object of disgust, and ceases to have any claim upon the affections, or to create the slightest interest in the heart.

Few, if any, women are so completely depraved as to avow a disbelief in the Divine Power; yet, too many, by their actions, give reason for conjecture that religion is very faintly impressed upon their hearts! To what cause, Mr. Editor, are we to ascribe those flagitious marks of female incontinency with which the courts of judicature so frequently abound, but to the decay of those pious sentiments which in former ages were so sedulously instilled? It is not merely, Sir, that religion is neglected, but it is ridiculed, which is more dangerous than if it was despised; for few have strength of mind to combat the assailant who, by ironic satire, deeply stings.

Would age set a pattern of religion and morality, I have reason to believe that it would soon be followed by youth; for so much are we prone to the habit of imitation, that we imperceptibly adopt it without design. We might then hope to see the folly of dissipation yielding to the claims of rational delight, and domestic harmony establishing its foundation upon the decayed pillars of folly and pride. Then might we behold the interesting charms of youth providently looking forward to a graceful old age, and laying in a store of those satisfactory enjoyments which are the results of virtue, and the bestowers of peace.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

AN OBSERVER.

Jan. 1801.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. III.

Distinguish carefully between real and apparent good; between that which depends upon ourselves, and that which is dependent upon others.

ROUSSEAU.

FANNY Nelson was, about thirty years back, reckoned the prettiest girl in ———; her parents were respected by their neighbours, and possessed of an establishment,

blishment, which, though moderate, placed them beyond the reach of pecuniary embarassment.

Among the many who admired and sought the favour of Fanny, was a young man, whose personal attractions seemed his only recommendation: Fanny, however, found, or imagined she could find, many lurking merits, and bestowed, without the approbation of her parents, her affections upon him. Stanley, her elected lover, was a lieutenant in the marines, and, like most of his profession, imagined stratagems in love as fair as those in war; and, though possessed of great respect and esteem for Fanny, believed she had as much tenderness as the sex, and could as readily be persuaded to make a few sacrifices for him.

With this persuasion he formed many romantic schemes of happiness, and, having engaged a post-chaise to carry her to Plymouth, where his company then lay, took Fanny in his arms (who, under the pretence of visiting a friend, contrived to take a moonlight walk with him), and forcibly placed her in the carriage. Petrified with surprize, she was for a few moments incapable of making any resistance; but, when acquainted with his intention, resentment at his conduct superseded every other consideration; and she reproached him severely for exposing her to the disgrace of an elopement.

Penetrated with shame and disappointment, Stanley fell upon his knees, and besought her pardon; pleaded the hopeless state of his passion, and used every tender argument to interest her heart. This had, in some measure, the desired effect:---Fanny melted to tears, but firmly protested that nothing could ever reinstate him in her favour but his instantly restoring her to her parents, who must suffer agonies by her absence. Stanley, with despairing looks, remanded the chaise back to ————; and his compliance with her wish so far excited her tenderness and gratitude, that, but for the consideration of parents who had ever, except in this instance, treated her with the utmost in-

dulgence, she would have thrown herself into his arms for life.

The chaise stopped at the house of old Nelson; the crest-fallen Stanley led her in, and received his final dismission amidst a torrent of reproach. Fanny pleaded for him on her knees, but the alternative offered to her was,---home, with the approbation of her friends, while estranged from Stanley; or, his love and protection, under banishment and a parent's curse. Fanny, heart-broken, chose the former, and Stanley departed. Fanny, by her duteous conduct, was restored to favour, and the satisfaction of having justly discharged the duties of Nature; but her heart had received a shock, which she feared time would not even suffer her to get the better of.

That wounded heart received a fresh blow when the intelligence reached her that Stanley had received a death-wound in action, and was brought on shore for interment. Every consideration was vanquished in the dear hope of beholding him once more, though a lifeless corse; of bathing his palid face with tears of affection, and of witnessing the discharge of the last duties. She left her father's house the night the fatal news was revealed, and rambled, insensible of fatigue or danger, till roused from her melancholy stupor by a post-chaise boy, who hailed, and demanded to know the reason of her wandering alone so late. In reply, she informed him of her destination; and, finding that he was returning to the same place, overcame every scruple, by previous payment, and the promise of further reward.

The bell was just tolling the funereal knell for the luckless Stanley, and to every awful peal the heart of Fanny beat responsive. With tottering step she joined the solemn procession: it was preceded by the commanding officer, and, with the eagerness of apprehension and solicitude, Fanny examined his countenance at every turn, to discover, if possible, some trait of benevolence. She attracted observation; but a deep black veil concealed her features,

tures, and her mind was too busily engaged by her own sorrows to heed the notice which she excited. They reached the burial-ground in dead silence; the clergyman begun his office: Fanny raised her eyes with an appeal to Heaven for resignation. The corps were preparing to discharge their pieces: she rushed forward, and prostrated herself at the feet of the officer.

"Only one look," she exclaimed, with a wild, impressive tone, "only one look, I entreat——paternal cruelty, surely, would not deny that! I loved him in life, nor need shame attend the avowal. I shall soon be like him. Only one look more to sooth my last moments——to save me from distraction!"

The officers crowded around her; Major Willmot raised her from the ground, and threw aside her veil to give her air, for she was in strong hysterics.

"Fanny!---my love!" cried a voice, which caused a sudden convulsion of her frame; and, in a moment, she was snatched to the bosom of the living Stanley!

A murmuring noise was now heard among the crowd: an old man pressed forward; he beheld his child almost expiring; he tore his hair, and vainly promised her every happiness!——All present were deeply affected, nor could the reviving Fanny be made sensible for some time that her lover still lived, still doted on the woman who had given him such matchless proofs of her tenderness and constancy.

While the ceremony of interment was continued, Fanny exerted herself to recover composure. Stanley soon explained the mistake that had occasioned such a distressing scene:---it was a cousin, who belonged to the same company, and had hitherto served in an assumed name, that had been wounded; and, when expiring, acknowledged the relationship, with which Stanley had been, till then, wholly unacquainted. There needed no further explanation. Nelson, ashamed of the obstinacy with which he had persisted in separating two faithfully attached hearts,

no

no longer opposed the union of the young lovers. Stanley served his country with vigour and fidelity during the war, and, at the termination, resigned, and retired to the village where he first saw his Fanny, at which place they now reside, with one son, the blooming image of his father. To this son is my Maria affianced; but his future occupation in life is not yet decided upon: they are yet young, and many preliminaries to be adjusted.

I was relating this little domestic tale to my niece and Leonard yesterday evening: it occasioned several comments upon love, matrimony, and its consequences; which young Somerton concluded, by expressing some well-affected astonishment——"That the men could be so insensible to my qualifications, as to permit my remaining single."

I replied, with a tone and look that a little disconcerted him——"Do you think, Sir, to recommend yourself to me by such commonplace small talk; or do you wish to veil, under all this politeness, your curiosity respecting the particular circumstances that have occasioned my remaining, till the age of thirty-seven, in a state of sober *maidenhood*?----and, perhaps, it will occasion some *well-bred* surprize to learn, that, like many of my sisterhood, it does not proceed either from my own choice, or, I trust, my own fault. I have little cause, upon reflection, to be displeased with my lot; for though I have, I confess, admired many gentlemen, and thought them worthy members of society, as well as agreeable companions, yet, disprejudiced by passion, and consulting my own serious judgment, I doubt whether any of them could have made me happy for life; and, if you look round among the circle of your married acquaintance, how many will you find dissatisfied with their lot?"

"Pray, aunt, to what do you ascribe it?" asked Maria, with a smile of incredulity.

"Not so much, my dear, to their improprieties after marriage, as to their want of discretion before. I am sorry to say, that women's hearts are in general too easily won:

won: a fine person, or an insinuating address, acting upon the native sensibility of the female heart, seldom fails of success, which I attribute, in great measure, to the restraint that custom has imposed upon the sex; for, were women allowed the free use of their will in a selection so important, I have little doubt but they would show more judgment; and the men would take greater trouble to qualify themselves for the approbation of a virtuous woman, and not prove the contemptible beings they are at present, with some few exceptions."

"My dear Madam," cried Leonard, "you are quite a Wolstonecraft in your theory!——Pray, would you permit your sex, in defiance of every law modesty has proclaimed, to demand our love, and compel us to marry as their whim may direct?"

"Certainly not. True Modesty I reverence; nor would I wish to inculcate opinions that appear to militate against her laws: but the modern deity, or impostor, who usurps her place and prerogatives, is Fastidiousness; and to her I bow not the knee of submission.——Of what use can arms be to the soldier, if compelled by absurdity and ignorance to refrain from exercising them? And of what service are judgment, penetration, and sensibility, to us, if constrained by the over-ruling hand of custom? Each must submit to the injustice of power, and be caught, laughed at, and despised, as fools and cowards!"

"Merciful powers!---what a picture!" cried Somerton, laughing.——"You equal Hogarth; but I hope you do not copy Nature as exactly!"

"Possibly I have a little exceeded it, in your opinion," I replied, "and also, perhaps, in that of many others; but I have lived in the world, know some of its ways, and declare to you, that I have seen girls who have unhappily said Yes, when prudence, and even inclination, might have substituted No, merely for fear they should never be asked again; and you know the mortifying ridicule attached to the appellation of an old maid."

They

They both joined in the laugh at my expense, and I proceeded:——

"On the other hand, there have been instances where women of extreme delicacy have sacrificed the most noble sentiments of Nature to false and punctilious ideas of decorum."

"Such examples, I am of opinion, are rather rare in the present age," observed Leonard.

"As a very young man," I replied with some degree of chagrin, "and as a fashionable man, I do not wonder that you should have imbibed the too-prevalent opinion of young men in general; and to their common disrespect of the sex may be charged most of the female errors and absurdities. Yet, I speak to you as to a young man possessed of feeling and understanding, and must observe, that, though love is involuntary, respect is due from man to woman under every condition, and the deficiency should never be pardoned: indeed, the apathy, real or affected, of the present race of beings who call themselves men, is completely disgusting. Those creatures whom by Nature and established laws they are bound to protect and cherish, they vilify or ridicule, if not objects of desire; and those who are, they court but to destruction."

"Surely, my dear aunt," cried Maria, casting a timid glance at Somerton, "you are more severe than usual. May I hope and believe you are less just?"

"For your peace, may you find it so, my love. I own I show you the dark side of the picture; happy will you be if through life you find the scene reversed! Remember, however, I do not presume to give what I have said as general axioms; they are merely observations occasioned by sad experience."

Disappointments of a tender nature ever contribute to sour the temper; and mine, naturally irritable, could scarcely expect improvement. Determined, nevertheless, by every exertion of my own, to subdue its impetuosity, I thought it best to let the subject drop, and proposed a game

game at piquet with Somerton, while Maria translated a tale from Gessner. The harmonious numbers of the poet, to which Maria gave additional sweetness by her impressive tones, when, at the conclusion of the game, she read the story for our amusement, composed our irritated spirits; and we retired to rest in social cordiality.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XIX.

ANNE Countess of Pembroke, was born at Skipton Castle, in Craven, January 30, 1589. She was daughter and sole heir to George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, and descended from the three antient and noble families of the Cliffords, Viponts, and Vesseys, Lords and Barons in the north; and she added to her escutcheons Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, the titles of three great Earldoms in the south.

She had a greatness of mind which added dignity to her high rank; for Bishop Rainbow, who knew her well, assures us, that she was enriched by Nature with very extraordinary endowments.——"She had," says he, "a clear soul shining through a vivid body; her body was durable and healthful, her soul sprightful, of great understanding and judgment, faithful memory, and ready wit."

Her natural endowments were happily improved by our ingenious historian and poet, Mr. Samuel Daniel, who was her preceptor, and under whom she made a considerable progress in many parts of literature, still increasing knowledge by reading and conversing with persons eminent for learning.——"By which means, as the above-mentioned prelate observes, she had early gained a knowledge, as of the best things, so an ability to discourse in all commendable arts and sciences, as well as in those things which belong to persons of her birth and sex to know. For she could

could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives, in any kind; insomuch that a prime and elegant wit, Dr. Donne, well seen in all human learning, and afterwards devoted to the study of divinity, is reported to have said of this Lady, in her younger years, to this effect:---That she knew well how to discourse of all things, from predestination to slea silk:---meaning, that although she was skilled in housewifery, and in such things in which women are conversant, yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries, looking at the highest example of female wisdom. Although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and the distaff, 'yet she could open her mouth with wisdom,' knowledge of the best and highest things; and, if this had not been most affected by her 'solid wisdom,' knowledge of the best things, such as 'make wise unto salvation;' if she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have been ranked among those wise and learned of her sex, of whom Pythagoras or Plutarch, or any of the antients, have made such honourable mention.

"But she affected rather to study those noble 'Bereans, and those honourable women,' as St. Paul there styles them, 'who searched the Scriptures daily;' with 'Mary she chose the better part,'---of hearing the doctrine of Christ."

She had two husbands; the first was Richard Earl of Dorset, to whom she was married February 26, 1609: he died March 28, 1624. By him she had issue, Thomas, who died in his infancy, and two daughters; Margaret, married to the Earl of Northampton, and Isabel, married to the Earl of Thanet. Her second husband was Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, who died January 23, 1629, by whom she had no issue.

She survived her last husband twenty-seven years, during which time she employed herself in a constant series of good works, viz. in strict piety, extensive charity, and generosity

nerosity to learned men; also in erecting several sacred edifices for the service of Almighty God; besides a noble hospital, and many other stately buildings, both for the honour of her family and for the public good.

She was very exemplary in observing religious duties both in public and private, a constant frequenter of Divine service, as well as attendant on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: nor was she less diligent in her private devotions, which were constantly performed in her private oratory three times a day; and, so careful was she that none of her servants might be remiss or negligent in the observance of religious duties, but all rightly prepared for receiving the Holy Sacrament, that she took care to have several books of devotion and piety provided four times in the year, so that every one might take their choice of such a book as they had not before. She christianly and courageously showed herself a truly zealous and orthodox daughter of the Church of England, in the worst of times; and constantly persisted in her resolution to serve God, by openly professing and practising the doctrines, discipline, and worship of our excellent Church, throughout all those long and dismal times, when it lay under the oppression of its enemies.

Her duty to her parents was as conspicuous as any other of her shining virtues; an instance of which is a beautiful pillar which she erected on the place where she took her last farewel of her mother: it is commonly called the Countess's pillar, and is adorned with coats of arms, dials, &c.; with an obelisk on the top, coloured black, and the following inscription in brass, declaring the occasion and meaning of it:——

"This pillar was erected, anno 1656, by the Right Honourable Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, and sole heir of the Right Honourable George Earl of Cumberland, &c., for a memorial of her last parting in this place with

her good and pious mother, the Right Honourable Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, the second of April, 1616. In memory whereof she also left an annuity of four pounds, to be distributed to the poor within this parish of Brougham, every second day of April, upon this stone table, by LAUS DEO."

As an instance of her gratitude to her tutor, Mr. Daniel, she erected a monument to his memory in the church at Beckington, near Philips Norton, in Somersetshire.

She repaired and restored an alms-house at Bearnky, which was built and endowed by her mother, the Countess of Cumberland.

On the 22d of April, 1651, she laid the first stone of an hospital which she founded at Appleby, in Westmoreland, for a governess, and twelve other widows; for the endowments of which she purchased the manor of Brougham, and certain lands called St. Nicholas, near Appleby.

On this occasion she gave a remarkable instance of her humility. When she had finished her hospital, she not only led and placed her pensioners in their several apartments, but frequently dined with them there, as they often did with her at her own table, some of them every week, and all of them once a month; and after dinner she would as freely converse with them, as with persons of the highest rank.

She purchased lands at Temple Severeby, in the County of Westmoreland, of 8*l.* per annum value, for repairing the church, school-house, town-hall, and bridge, at Appleby.

She rebuilt a great part of the church at Appleby, and made a vault at the north east corner of the chapel for her own sepulchre, at the expense of about 700*l.*, over which she erected a monument of black and white marble for herself.

She built a great part of the steeple at Skipton, in Craven, which had been pulled down in the time of the civil wars; and,

and, having repaired a great part of that church, she there erected a fine monument for her father, George Earl of Cumberland.

She entirely built the church at Bongate, near Appleby; also the chapel at Brougham; and likewise the chapel of Ninekirk, near Brougham.

She also rebuilt the chapel of Mallerstang, and purchased lands of 11*l.* per annum value, for the perpetual support of a person qualified to read prayers, with the homilies of the Church of England, therein; and to teach the children of the dale to read and write English.

She likewise performed many great things for the honour and benefit of her family and posterity; for, besides other inferior structures, she built six castles. Neither was she less careful in preserving the memoirs of her great ancestors; for we are assured by Bishop Rainbow——"That, as she had been a most critical searcher into her own life, so she had been a diligent enquirer into the lives, fortunes, and characters of many of her ancestors for many years. Some of them she has particularly described, and the exact annals of divers passages which were most remarkable in her own life, ever since it was wholly at her own disposal, that is, since the death of her last Lord and husband, Philip Earl of Pembroke, which was for the space of six or seven-and-twenty years."

Thus did this great and excellent Lady employ her time in good and useful works of various kinds, till she arrived at the age of eighty-five, when she quietly resigned her soul into the hands of her Creator, in the Castle at Brougham, March 22, 1675-6, and was buried at Appleby, in Westmoreland, under a splendid monument erected by herself.

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

My dear Mentor,

SO many months have elapsed without our sex having received the slightest mark of your favours, that I began to think you either thought us irreclaimable, or unworthy the interest you had taken in our behalf; but, at length, finding that we are still objects of your attention, and that you have not relinquished your original design, I take the liberty of imparting my present situation, and entreat the indulgence of your counsel and advice.

You must know, my dear Madam, that I am the daughter of a gentleman who has but little to support the title, except his birth, yet who was so proud of what he used to term my *superior attractions*, that he fancied they would ensure me a splendid match; and, in consequence of this opinion, I was exhibited at every watering-place till my person became as familiar as the bathing-guide's. My beauty, it is true, excited admiration, and procured me the *unmeaning* attention of the beaux; but want of fortune was a barrier to any serious addresses, and, at length, I began to fear that I should die an old maid; for those men who could only support me in comfort, without allowing me to enjoy the elegancies of life, were withheld from making any serious proposals, by a knowledge of the expectations to which my mind was raised.

In this miserable state, between hope and apprehension, chance introduced Mr. Thrifty to my sight, who, to a handsome face and tolerable figure, had a large fortune, and good house subjoined. It is true, he could neither boast of rank nor titles, but these my father began to think were placed above my reach; and, as Mr. Thrifty's affection was able to subdue his avarice, I was foolishly persuaded to accept his hand, and became a rich though a miserable wife.

The

The parsimonious ideas which Mr. Thrifty acquired previous to his coming into possession of his wealth, are so indelibly impressed upon his contracted mind, that neither argument nor persuasion can produce a change; and I have the mortification of seeing him guilty of meannesses, at which a man not possessed of a tenth of his income would be absolutely ashamed.

Degrading and ungentlemanly as I feel this conduct, yet I could bear it without attempting to complain, if he did not interfere with my department, and encroach upon the privileges which I ought to enjoy as a wife. Conceive, my dear Mentor, what must be the situation of a woman who cannot buy a yard of riband without hearing herself condemned, and who, accustomed to the fashionable adornments of Bond Street, is termed *extravagant*, because she refuses to buy her millinery in Cheapside.

This frequent disagreement about the disposal of my pocket money, you may naturally conceive, is very grievous to bear; but I am hourly persecuted with some paltry suggestion, by which great part of our household expenses might be saved, and accused of conniving at the servants' impositions, or embezzling the money that is given me for the support of his family, to send it to my own: in short, the only chance there would be for me to enjoy any degree of comfort with this suspicious parsimonious man, would be, instead of driving about in the splendid equipage which vanity and pride have induced him to buy, to spend my mornings in the kitchen, making jellies, or compounding stews.

Now, my dear Mentor, the favour I have to beg of you is, to tell me how, and in what manner, I ought to act with this mean suspicious man, so as to enjoy a greater degree of comfort than I have hitherto experienced in the married state; or else that you will give him a little advice, through the channel of the Museum, for the regulation of his own conduct; but, above all things, do not forget to tell him, that, though his grandmother might have been a very no-

table housewife, and derived gratification from spending her mornings amongst cooks, yet, that no modern wife of *ton* ever thought of prying into the secrets of the kitchen. I likewise beg that you will touch upon the weakness of his ideas, in supposing that any thing can be fit for a woman of fortune to be adorned in, that is not bought within the vicinity of St. James's; and that he might with as much justice expect me to purchase my millinery in the precincts of Wapping, as in those of Fleet Street or Cheapside.

I entreat, likewise, my dear Mentor, that you will endeavour to convince him, that the only way to make servants dishonest, is to suspect their fidelity; for what can be so mortifying to the poor creatures, as to have every article of their accounts examined with all the minuteness of a treasury clerk; and, instead of paying the total of the amount, without supposing it possible they could overreach or cheat, to have every article separately scanned, and even farthings made of as much importance as pounds?

I am, dear Mentor,

With esteem and affection,

Your very unfortunate, though sincere, friend,

MATILDA THRIFTY.

Jan. 4, 1801.

TRICK OF A FRENCH QUACK.

A GENTLEMAN, after having ruined his fortune by extravagance, bethought himself of turning quack. He attempted at Paris without success, and then directed his views to the Provinces. He arrived at Lyons, and announced himself as "The celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who can restore the dead to life;" and he declared, that in fifteen days he would go to the public churchyard, and excite a *general resurrection!*

This declaration caused violent murmurs against the Doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the Magistrate,

Magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. This proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his *Beaume de Vie.*

As the period for the performance of this miracle approached, the anxiety among the inhabitants of Lyons increased. At length, he received the following letter from a rich citizen:——

"The great operation, Doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury; and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself."

In an instant after, two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest applications, entreated the Doctor not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis; but the Doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the Doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy: in short, from morn till night, the Doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him.—The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the Chief Magistrate of the city waited upon the Doctor, and said——

"Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but, I pray you to observe, that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution which the success

cess of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquility of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power."

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Doctor Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance. A lady, who was a downright *Charlatan* in love, assisted in reducing him to want; but he set out again on a provincial tour, and returned with a new fortune.

School of Arts.

NO. XXVII.

To make brass utensils look of a gold colour.

TAKE a pint of strong lye; mix with it an ounce of burnt roche alum; boil them well together: then rub the utensil with it, and, when it is dry, rub it over with tripoli. It will not only take away all spots and stains, but make it look like gold.

To cleanse silver, and give it a fine lustre.

Boil it well in lye; then take it out, and smear it over with whiting, and let it dry; then, with a warm dry woollen cloth, rub it over with powder of burnt alum.

THEA-

THEATRICALS.

Dec. 20. A DR. MOISEY attempted the character of *Othello* at Covent Garden Theatre; but his voice wanted power to give effect to the part; and the little encouragement that he met with from the audience will not, we suppose, induce him to "throw physic to the dogs," and adopt the Stage as his profession.

22. A New Pantomime, called "HARLEQUIN'S TOUR; or, *The Dominions of Fancy*," was performed, for the first time, at the above Theatre, with great applause.

An air-built Palace of Fancy in the first scene, by Hollogan, and a Pavilion of the same Goddess at the conclusion, by Whitmore, are not surpassed by any thing of the kind that we have ever witnessed. The most prominent of the mechanical metamorphoses are, a doctor's shop-window into his chariot; a pair of lighted lamps into two Chinese giants; a milliner's house into a caravan of wild beasts; a military target into an emblem of the Union; two spruce-beer bottles into a mop and a pistol; a sign-post into a house; a washing-tub into an old woman; and a chest of tea into a pump.

The Music is the joint production of Moorhead and Attwood. The Pantomime was invented by T. Dibdin; and the Managers have been profusely liberal in every instance of dress, mechanism, scenery, and decorations.

The views of Margate Pier and Ulswater Lake, and a forest landscape, by Richardson, are exquisitely fine; and those of Dandelion, and the road from Margate to Tunbridge, by Hollogan; Tunbridge Wells, Scarborough, and Weymouth, by Philips; and Bath and Charing-cross, by Lupino, are also entitled to high praise. In the latter scene was a view of Dighton's caricature shop, in which a picture was introduced that displayed several humorous changes. Dighton himself came forward to sing a laughing song, and was *encored*.

The

The Piece has had a great run, and continues to draw good houses.

The same night Drury Lane Theatre, also, exhibited a New Pantomime, under the title of "HARLEQUIN AMULET; or, *The Magic of Mona*," of which the following constitutes the main business:

The Piece opens with a view of a subterraneous temple, where several Welsh Bards expect to find an asylum from their persecutors. Morcar, the evil genius of their race, is seen through an aperture in the rock, seated on a dragon. The affrighted Bards take flight, except the Chief, who invokes his patron to subdue the raging tempest, and save them from Morcar. As the storm abates, Iris is perceived descending from the arch of a rainbow on the Stage. She waves her scarf;---a bright cloud appears, from whence Harlequin descends to the earth with his merry attendant Punch. He obtains a talisman from Iris, who promises him protection, and assures him that Columbine will follow his fortunes. Morcar being apprized of the approach of Harlequin, lights his wand with magic fire; but this is soon extinguished by Harlequin. Pantaloon next introduces Punch to Columbine, in her father's house, who becomes enamoured of her. The perseverance of Punch, who is constantly defeated by his master, affords much merriment. Columbine, being enlarged, departs in a vessel with Harlequin, who frustrates the pursuit of Morcar, and, by his magic wand, causes a light-house to spring out of a rock. They are still closely pursued, and the Piece proceeds with the gambols of Punch, and the waggeries of Harlequin; with which are blended many striking and picturesque views of Wales, of castles, sea prospects, &c. The last scene represents a Gothic hall, beautifully designed, and executed in a masterly manner: it is enriched with wreathes of laurels, banners, trophies, and statues. The latter, by virtue of the talisman, descend from their pedestals, and perform a warlike dance. The distance then opens, and discovers an admirable moving view of London,

St.

St. Paul's, Carleton House, &c.: a brilliant rainbow illumines the whole. A grand procession enters in celebration of St. David's Day. Columbine and Harlequin are united, when the Pantomime concludes.

This Pantomime has the advantage of some admirable mechanism, and continues to be performed with great success.

Jan. 3. At Covent Garden, a Comedy, called "THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE," was brought forward, as professedly an extension into Five Acts of a Comedy in Three, performed last season under the title of LIBERAL OPINIONS. [*See* p. 471 *of our Fourth Volume.*] The account that we gave of that Piece is equally applicable to the present, which has been several times performed with much applause, and cannot fail of pleasing those who prefer broad farce and a hearty laugh to the more refined productions of the Comic Muse.

Jan. 3. Mr. Kemble drew from the shelf Shakespeare's matchless Tragedy of King Lear, and brought it forward with such advantages of costume and decoration, but, above all, with such energetic acting, as has since filled the benches of New Drury for several nights. We do not think that the English Stage ever exhibited a finer performance than we witness in the *Lear* of Mr. Kemble. His imprecation on Goneril has an electrical effect on the audience, and appears to be the *ne plus ultra* of the art.——There seems a laudable disposition at this House to revive some of the best of our earlier Dramas; which we hope will compensate the Treasury for the deficiencies occasioned by the exhibition of some of the trash that we have been lately pestered with.---Let us see *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Leontes*, *Henry the Fifth*, &c., again adorn the British Stage, and correct the public taste, which has been so unaccountably vitiated.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A white cambric gown, drawn up to the throat; sleeves long and loose, tying at the wrists. Pelise of green velvet, trimmed with broad white lace, reaching only to the knee; sleeves very short. Hat of Leghorn straw, in the Gypsey fashion, and tied under the chin with an India silk handkerchief.

2. A printed cotton gown. A stone-coloured pelise, trimmed with fur. A white velvet bonnet, crossed with green velvet bands.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

1. A white cambric muslin round gown, with short half sleeves; over which is worn the Caledonian robe, which is made of plaid Chambray muslin, wrapping over in the front, and tied upon the shoulders by bows of plaid riband. A sash round the waist, of the same materials as the gown; either in short bows and ends, or reaching to the feet. Coral necklace. Cap made of plaid, in the form of a Scotch bonnet, and finished by two black feathers, and one of green.

2. A back view of the Caledonian robe, the dress opening on the back, and drawn towards the shoulders with the plaid bow; a rose of plaid placed upon the sash behind, at the bottom of the back. Plaid shoes.

Powder is universally out of use amongst the Ladies; the hair chiefly dressed in braids or curls, with bandeaus of gold or embroidery running up in front; and diamond ornaments, principally in the form of tiaras, circlets, diadems, wreathes of flowers, and aigrettes.—Feathers are universal, but of different lengths: the White Ostrich, Bird of Paradise, Argus, and Macau plumes, are most general.—The Union wreath, consisting of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, entwined, is much worn.

The

Afternoon Dress for Feb.y 1801.

BRITISH MUSEUM
1848
SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1801.

[BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ., POET LAUREAT.]

FROM delug'd Earth's usurp'd domain,
When Ocean sought his native bed,
Emerging from the shrinking main,
Rear'd many a mountain-isle its head,
Encircled with a billowy zone:
Fair Freedom mark'd them for her own:—
"Let the vast Continent obey
"A ruthless Master's iron sway,
"Uncheck'd by aught, from pole to pole,
"Where swoll'n Ambition's torrents roll:
"Those seats to tyrants I resign;
"Here be my blest abode—the Island Reign be mine!"

Hating the fane where Freedom sat enshrin'd,
Grasping at boundless empire o'er mankind,
Behold from Susa's distant tow'rs
The Eastern Despot sends his mighty pow'rs:
Grecia, thro' all her rocky coast,
Astonish'd, views the giant host;
Not the fam'd Strait, by bleeding heroes barr'd,
Nor Cecrop's walls her hallow'd altars guard:

While each bold inmate of the Isles
On Inroad's baffled effort smiles;
From ev'ry port with cheering sound
Swells the vindictive Pæan round;
And Salamis, proud, from her sea-girt shore,
Sees o'er the hostile fleet th' indignant surges roar!

Fiercer than Persia's scepter'd Lord,
More num'rous than th' embattled train
Whose thirsty swarms the sea-broad rivers drain,
Lo, Gallia's plains disgorge their madd'ning hord!
Wide o'er Europa's trembling lands
Victorious speed the murd'rous bands;
Where'er they spread their pow'rful sway,
Fell Desolation marks their way:
Unhurt amid a warring world, alone,
BRITANNIA sits secure, firm on her Island Throne!

When thunders war, when lightnings fly,
When howling tempests shake the sky,
Is more endear'd the shelt'ring dome,
More sweet the social joys of home.
Fondly her eye, lo, ALBION throws
On the tried Partner of her weal and woes;
Each tie to closer *Union* draws,
By mingled rights and mingled laws;
Then turns averse from Gallia's guilty field,
And tears with gen'rous pride the lilies from her shield!

ALBION and ERIN's kindred race,
Long as your Sister Isles the seas embrace,
Long as the circling tides your shores that lave
Waft your united banners o'er the wave,
Wide thro' the deep commercial wealth to spread,
Or hurl destruction on th' oppressor's head;
May Heav'n on each unconquer'd nation show'r
Eternal concord and increasing pow'r!
And, as in Hist'ry's awful page
Immortal Virtue shall proclaim
To ev'ry clime, thro' ev'ry age,
Imperial GEORGE's patriot fame,
That Parent Care shall win her warmest smiles,
Which rear'd, mid Ocean's reign, the EMPIRE of the ISLES!

JANUARY: A PASTORAL POEM.

[BY DR. PERFECT.]

An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. THOMSON.

HOW pointed with ice is the air,
The woodlands bespangled with frost;
A portrait pellucid prepare,
Whose beauties in terror are lost.
Imprison'd and bound is the rill,
Irriguous, that stole thro' the mead;
No more in soft murmurs distil
Its waters to cherish the reed.

The lake that was curl'd by the breeze
Is chang'd to a smooth glassy plain;
Huge icicles hang from the trees,
In pendants of crystalliz'd rain.
Cascades, that pour'd down by the mill,
And whiten'd with foam into rage,
Their currents, arrested and still,
No more in loud clamours engage.

Behold o'er the mist-frozen copse
What silver-like plumage is spread,
More elegant far than the hops
That Autumn flung over his head.
Each twig and each blade is adorn'd
With pearl-drops so pure and so bright,
The skill of the artist is scorn'd,
And recedes at so peerless a sight.

The Morning, distressful of mien,
From slumbers of sluggish delay,
Discovers a wide-wasting scene,
At once both terrific and gay.
Aërial treasures of snow
The hills and the valleys invest;
With what a bright burden below
The bosom of Nature's oppress'd!

Impell'd by the season severe,
The redbreast compassion implores;
In confidence void of all fear
Hops over the sill of our doors:
And shall we deny the poor guest
The tribute he'll pay with a song?
Then let him be fed and caress'd,
His visit in safety prolong.

Less social the lark we descry
Enshelter'd in stubble so warm;
While in crowds the small warblers fly,
Unwilling, unable to charm:
To farm-yards with sparrows repair,
(*For want is an absolute law;*)
Petition their poor little fare,
Collected from chaff and from straw.

Intensely so sharp is the cold;
Inactive and lifeless, around,
Each scene and each landscape behold
In Winter's rude adamant bound.
Tho' Janus elongates the day,
December, that nurtur'd the storm,
His rigors suspends, to convey
In sadden'd Variety's form.

Yet rude Devastation is spread,
And chill'd all the animal train;
The pathway dejected I tread,
Till Hope gives a truce to my pain.
The shrub, tho' expos'd to the air,
Tyrannical frost shall repel;
Her buds I've dilated with care,
And found the young bloom in its cell.

Dear Embryo! your leaves shall expand,
Revive in the sweet vernal Morn;
Awake at the touch of her hand,
And Nature's lov'd season adorn.
The hazel's soft catkins unfold,
The snowdrop comes forward the first;
Shoot woodbines, unfearful of cold;
Mezereons seem ready to burst.

Tho', rugged old Janus, 'tis thine
Thus cheerless to open the year,
Thy honours are great and divine,
Illustriously brilliant appear.
Panegyric, in gladness, is seen
Thy bounty to own and confess;
Since Janus gave birth to a QUEEN,*
Whose virtues a nation can bless!

Then, spite of the storms in thy train,
The Spring, whose gay beauties are lost,
The winds, and the hard-pelting rain,
The hailstones, and sharp-piercing frost;
Come, Shepherds, bring laurel and bay,
Let Janus with garlands be crown'd;
Be cheerful as rose-loving May,
For CHARLOTTE's in virtue renown'd.

But, Neatherds, go look to the kine,
Their cribs with fresh fodder supply;
The task of compassion is thine,
Whilst herbage the pastures deny.
And, Shepherds, attend to the fold,
The ewes in the valley despair;
Oh! save their young lambs from the cold,
Who bleat for protection and care.

While the voice of the North is severe,
And heard o'er the waste with dismay,
Hark! what is the sound that I hear,
More sad than the sighs of the day!....
'Tis Delia!....why sorrows my Fair!
Oh! tell me the source of thy grief;
Dishevell'd's thy fine-flowing hair!....
Can Corydon render relief?

She weeps o'er poor Emmeline's tomb,
Who fell, as a wreath of the snow,
In the pride and the prime of her bloom,
As bright as the heav'nly bow:

* Whose natal day is celebrated at Court in this month.†
† The Queen was born in *May*, EDIT.

Her voice was the music of Spring,
Her heart was ineffable love;
Her face all that Beauty could bring,
In mildness she rivall'd the dove!

Thou bright as the moon on the main,
My Delia, no longer deplore,
Nor harrow thy bosom with pain,
Since Emmeline can be no more.
Permit me partake of thy woe---
The privilege can you refuse?---
Together, sweet mourner, we'll go,
And Death with his triumph accuse.

The hand of Remembrance shall raise
A column, her virtues to save;
And Elegy weep in her praise,
While Flora empurples the grave.
No longer be delug'd in tears;
Permit me your grief to beguile;
Then, free from Despondency's fears,
We'll meet the New Year with a smile!

SONNET.

[BY THE SAME.]

TO whom shall Constantia apply,
To whom be her sorrows confest,
Who sees with soft Sympathy's sigh
The troubles that harrow her breast?

Tho' Winter had sabled the day,
She saw the strip'd crocus in bloom;
The snowdrop in vestal array,
And the aconite burst from her tomb.

These signs were a prelude that Spring,
Soft season of bliss, would return;
But what, cried Constantia, can bring
My Dorilend back from his urn?

Then silent she sate, and reclin'd was her head,
While Affection the dewdrops of Mem'ry shed!

LOVE's FOUR SENSES.

[After the Antient Manner.]

BY THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THAT Love is blind, old Poets say,
And Time has prov'd the saying true;
But Love can hear, feel, taste, and smell,
Love may his eyes for ever close;
Yet he can tell
When he a beauteous flow'r has chose!

Give to the touch the holly bough,
The sick'ning rue inhale awhile;
Then, without eyes, you may discover
A loathsome wreath entwin'd, to prove
That e'en a Lover
May, without seeing, cease to love!

Who does not find the rose more sweet
Than the heart-sick'ning chamomile?
Who does not like a downy bed
In pref'rence to a couch of care,
Where Sorrow's head
May dreams of peaceful slumber share?

Who likes a stinging-nettle bough
To bind his breast? Or who would hear
Discordant shrieks of ravens vile,
When dulcet music may delight,
And bid him smile
Thro' the long, tedious, wint'ry night?

Touch Lesbia's warm and downy hand;
Then press old Sarah's fist of wood;
Hear Anna chaunt her melting lay;
Then listen to the harsh, deep note,
That spreads dismay
From brawling Bridget's husky throat!

Then say no more that Love can know
No diff'rence with his bandeau on;
Four Senses speak, tho' he is blind;
He *feels* the *sound* of voices sweet;
He *tastes* the mind;
And *scents* the *sigh* of Pity's balmy treat!

Then

Then trust not, Beauty, that, since Love
Is blind, he may be still deceiv'd;
For, well 'tis known, one sense subdu'd,
Those that remain more active grow;
And, tho' not view'd,
He all your 'witching pow'rs will know!

He, like the bee, will sigh to steal
Pure nectar from the glowing lip;
He will the downy hand delight
To press; but near a lion's claws,
In wild affright,
He'd tremble---at the lion's jaws!

Love can imbibe the spicy gale
That Delia's fragrant breath bestows;
But, when unwholesome fogs are near,
Love will contagious mischiefs dread,
And shrink with fear---
That pain and death are round him spread!

Then let the *Urchin* only prove
His Four *fine* Senses fraught with bliss;
And let him hide his radiant eyes:
Still blest will be the rosy boy,
While Time supplies,
For him, *a world of endless joy!*

THE PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.

HOW wide the contrast's in the fate of men,
As oft we learn from many a Poet's pen,
Who paint the actions of the human kind,
And rouse the feelings of the gen'rous mind!

Thou, sweet Content! whose joyous breath alone
Can cheer the captive in his sorrowing moan,
Revive with comfort those who e'er repine,
Or murmur at the will of Heav'n divine;
Render the tortur'd victim dead to pain,
And give his fainting spirit life again:
Sooth the distress'd, each sad event abate,
And calm the boist'rous storms of Fate.

View,

View, now, the lot of him in sad dismay,
From whom each pleasure hastens far away;
Doom'd midst black prison walls to pass each hour,
Ne'er to enjoy the "green-ey'd" smiling bow'r;
To see no more the bright reflecting beam
Of Sol or Cynthia silver each mild stream:
A prisoner...bewailing his sad lot;
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."
Pining he feels chill Poverty's attack,
And no clear prospect grace the barren track;
His days and nights one sorrow-breathing hue
Of haggard griefs in all their dreary hue:
Yet, midst this whirlwind of the blackest dye,
His faith still holds him...still his hope is nigh.
He sees Destruction's wreck around him lurk,
Sees the dire tempest act its furious work;
Tranquil and calm, his thoughts on Death are bent,
Resign'd to each decree by sweet Content:
Till crush'd by anguish, with uplifted eyes
He smiles on Heaven, and serenely dies!

How diff'rent, then, the various signs
Of him who at his lot repines;
Whose days are fraught with dire alarms,
Who knows nor feels Hope's pleasing charms;
Whose visage, pale, betrays an haggard stare,
Whose eye-balls roll with wild terrific glare;
Whose scornful leer is mark'd with rooted hate,
The mournful presage of oppressive fate;
And whilst, without, his features horror show,
His breast, within, is torn by racking woe;
Corrosive pangs his troubled bosom rent,
The sure attendants of fell Discontent!
Oh! may my heart from such be ever free,
My Guardian Pow'rs, I pour my prayer to thee:
"Whate'er the lot which waits thy servant here,
"Tho' sad my destiny, my station drear;
"Tho mark'd' for, long, Misfortune's fav'rite child,
"Without one joy to cheer me in its wild;
"Give me a heart to trust, and, trusting, hope
"Each glorious virtue have its ample scope.
"Still will I chaunt my Maker's wondrous praise,
"And pour to Heav'n each wish in pious lays,
"Till this weak frame seeks lasting peace in Death,
"Sounding thy fame with each succeeding breath!"

If such the paths in which I live and die,
Shall I not hope to gain a seat on high;
To taste the purest joys of heav'nly bliss,
Nor turn my thoughts on meanly worlds like this?

How calm the peasant's still secure retreat,
Where yet the pulse of lust or vice ne'er beat!
Ungrac'd with riches, free from gilded pomp,
Adorn'd with love, afar each vicious romp;
His cottage snuffs the perfume-scented air,
And still for trav'llers has its homely fare;
Still for the wand'ring stranger stores a mite,
And hospitable shelter yields him for the night.

Thus in the scenes of rural life I trace
Contentment's sweets in each surrounding place;
No "fancy'd ills to cause our tears to flow,"
No wilful wrongs to press our minds with woe.
All wears the face of jocund mirth and sport,
Each happy swain excels in playful *forte*;
And, when the turmoil of the day is o'er,
Retires in peace to share his humble store!

Envy, begone! thy vot'ries hurry hence,
Weak is thy pow'r o'er spotless innocence;
Vain are thy arts against the virtuous soul:
Spread thy black pinions round the drunkard's bowl.
Fill the exalted seat, and go thy length,
These hallow'd scenes defy thy utmost strength;
Cast thee with horror to thy darken'd cell,
And bid thee triumph in thy native hell!

Jan. 1801. S. W.

SONNET TO SUSAN.

[BY T. P.]

AS faint and wearied by the sultry ray,
The pilgrim journeys o'er the sandy plain,
Should the kind sea-breeze meet him on his way,
He feels his drooping soul revive again;

So, when oppress'd by absence, or by care,
I scarce can keep life's languid flame alive,
Let but a thought of thee arise, my Fair,
Instant I feel the languid flame revive!

For,

For, oh! 'tis sweet, tis wondrous sweet, at eve,
To trace the smiles soft beaming on thy face;
To feel from care and toil a short reprieve,
And each unhallow'd passion hush'd to peace!

'Tis doubly sweet, without reserve, to prove
Th' ecstatic bliss of meeting love for love!

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Fat-ally.
.....II.—Fear-less.

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

Addressed to a Friend.

IN childhood's bright moments my First, then, appears,
Both pleasing and gay to the sight;
But, as we decline in the valley of years,
We lose this soft sense of delight.

As my Second revolves in its annual round,
Both pleasure and sorrow it shares;
For where is the heart that has not often found
A succession of bliss and of cares?

May the former thy bosom possess and expand,
And, tho' care must sometimes be thy fate,
May the transient sensation fleet swift like the sand,
From which moments and hours draw their date!

To thee may my Whole be the herald of joy,
The forerunner of peace and of wealth;
And no care intervene, thro' my Whole, to destroy
The blessing deriv'd from pure health!

CHARADE

CHARADE II.

MY First is a part of the dress;
My Second is meant to confine;
My Whole is a badge of distress,
And occasions the heart to repine.

To Correspondents, &c.

PANEGYRICS on private Individuals are inadmissible. This Notice will account to several of our Correspondents this Month for the omission of their Communications.

The Temple of Sensibility *had been mislaid, but is found, and shall appear in our next.*

Our Poetical Contributions are so extremely numerous, that we cannot conveniently particularize: but such as are thought worthy of insertion will appear in their turn.

Pæan's *Sonnets shall have place; but we cannot with any propriety republish his [corrected] Ode for Christmas Day.*

The Lines with a Piece of Bride-cake, *we strongly suspect, have been many times published before.*

Edwin and Ethelfleda, *and* C. L., *in our next.*

If well done, the Hymn to Ceres *will be accepted.*

Errata in our last Number:

Page 11, line 29, for *term*, read *form*.
——————31, for *provisians*, read *provisoes*.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

Opie. pinxt. Mackenzie. sc.

Mrs Opie.

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